MAD IND ®

No. 127 June '69

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IN THIS ISSUE...

"ODD SQUAD"

ONE DAY ON THE PRAIRIE

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

NUMBER 127 JUNE 1969

MAD

"The trouble with most neighborhoods is that there are too many hoods in them, and not enough neighbors!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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ONLY THREE LEFT

That's right! Only three men left the Earth's gravitational field and traveled to the Moon so far. But we've still got millions of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman . . . MAD'S "What—Me Worry?" kid left. So help us conquer space—mainly the space they occupy here at our tiny crowded offices. Mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9 or $2.00 for 27 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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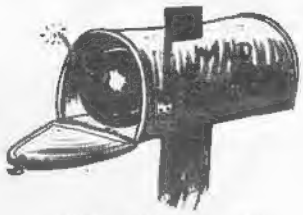

TINY TIM'S WALLET

"Tiny Tim's Wallet" was totally unfair. How could you ridicule such a sweet, honest, beautiful person? You should try blowing a few kisses yourself, but I seriously doubt if you know how.

Carol Evans
Beaconsfield, Canada

I would like to thank you for "Tiny Tim's Wallet" in your March issue (#125). Although it was written in fun, it did point up his life's philosophy of love toward other people. Tiny Tim is truly a beautiful person, and even your article could not deny that.

Steve Johnston
Waterford, Conn.

How come, in all of your "Celebrities' Wallets," we never find any money?

Greg Kusnick
Peekskill, N.Y.

YOU KNOW YOU'VE REALLY MADE IT

You know you've really made it when you can sell over 2 million copies of a magazine with nothing but trash on the inside!

Lee Gomper
Waukegan, Ill.

THE MAD ICE HOCKEY PRIMER

It seems a shame that a magazine of such high calibre as MAD should publish something as bad as "The Ice Hockey Primer." It is obvious that neither Mr. Siegel nor Mr. Davis is at all familiar with the sport which is rapidly gaining in popularity throughout the U.S. Since there appears to be a shortage of subjects to satirize in MAD, you might try writing about baseball--if anyone on your staff can bear to sit through a game.

Joe Cappe
Toronto, Canada

Hockey is one of the best spectator sports in the U.S. and Canada. Fans enjoy a little action once in a while. Your Primer was terrible!

Kevin Lindberg
Lemont, Illinois

All one needs do is read your "Ice Hockey Primer" (One of the most superb Primers you've done!) and he can save himself from the punishment of the penalty box, namely a box seat at any ice hockey game.

P. H.
Georgetown, Mass.

THE MAD POETRY ROUND ROBIN

"The Poetry Round Robin" was the funniest article I have ever read. Frank Jacobs' poetry was sensational, and George Woodbridge's art was even greater.

John Finch
Coventry, R.I.

Your "Round Robin" laid an egg!

D. Hays Johnson
Wellsburg, W.Va.

"IT TAKES A THIEF" CAN SURE TAKE A JOKE

Robert Wagner and Malachi Throne enjoy MAD's recent satire of their TV show.

201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOCY

With "2001: A Space Odyssey," Stanley Kubric was obviously attempting to deliver a profound message, something he felt was extremely important to our modern society. After seeing the motion picture twice, and reading the book once, I still could not figure out what the devil he was trying to say. However, with "201 Min. of a Space Idiocy," MAD has answered all my questions. Congratulations on a fantastic satire.

William Fuchs
Los Angeles, Cal.

Never have I seen such a ridiculous, incomprehensible movie. I completely agree with Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo, who did such a fantastic job cutting down this supposed "great" film. In my opinion, Stanley Kubrick "bombed", and MAD came up with the real winner: "201 Min. of a Space Idiocy"—the greatest satirical piece of work you've ever turned out.

Mark Sayko
Munhall, Pa.

Surely, there are movies more deserving of abuse than "2001: A Space Odyssey", a film which, even if for no other reason than the visual effects, ranks as one of the outstanding motion pictures of the decade.

Robin Prince
Huntsville, Ala.

Your satire of "2001: A Space Odyssey" was dull, boring and pointless. Except for the great visual job, it was a complete waste of time. Come to think of it, it was exactly like the movie!

Cynthia Khoury
Westport, Conn.

I'll tell you what the monolith really is: It's a big black coffin for burying the entire mongoloid idiot staff of MAD!

T. Hopkins
Framington, Mass.

Although the movie was a spectacular put-on, it was worth the money I wasted on it . . . just so I could enjoy your masterpiece of satire.

Ricky Seifarth
Maugansville, Mo.

Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey" was the finest movie I have ever seen. Your satire was digusting. Rest assured that I will never spend another 35¢ on your crummy magazine again!

Bruce R. Beaman
Manitowoc, Wisc.

Wanna bet? Just wait till somebody tells you your letter is in this issue!—Ed.

A POISON-PENNED LETTER

You were right! One man's magazine IS another man's poison! As I write this from my hospital bed, I implore you: Give me the antidote!

Chris Bloch
Blue Island, Ill.

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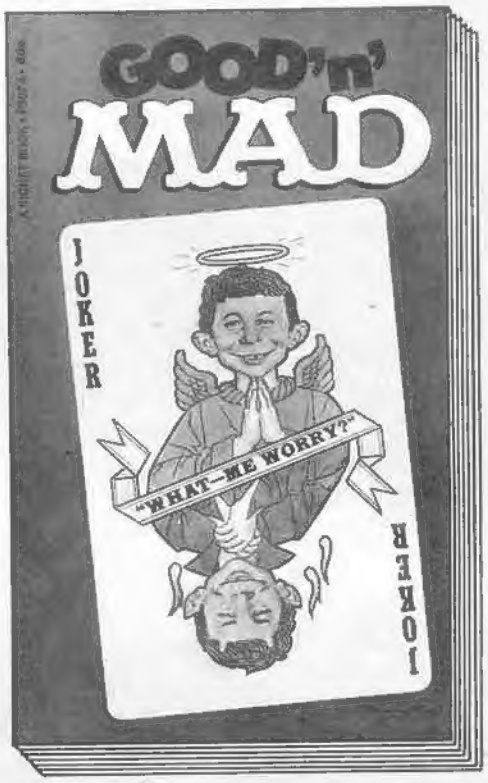

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DISPLAY AS YOU GO DEPT.

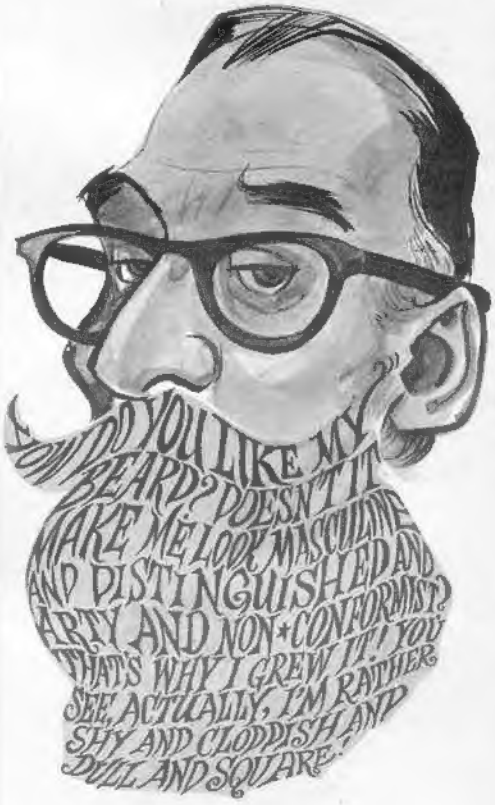
SIGN

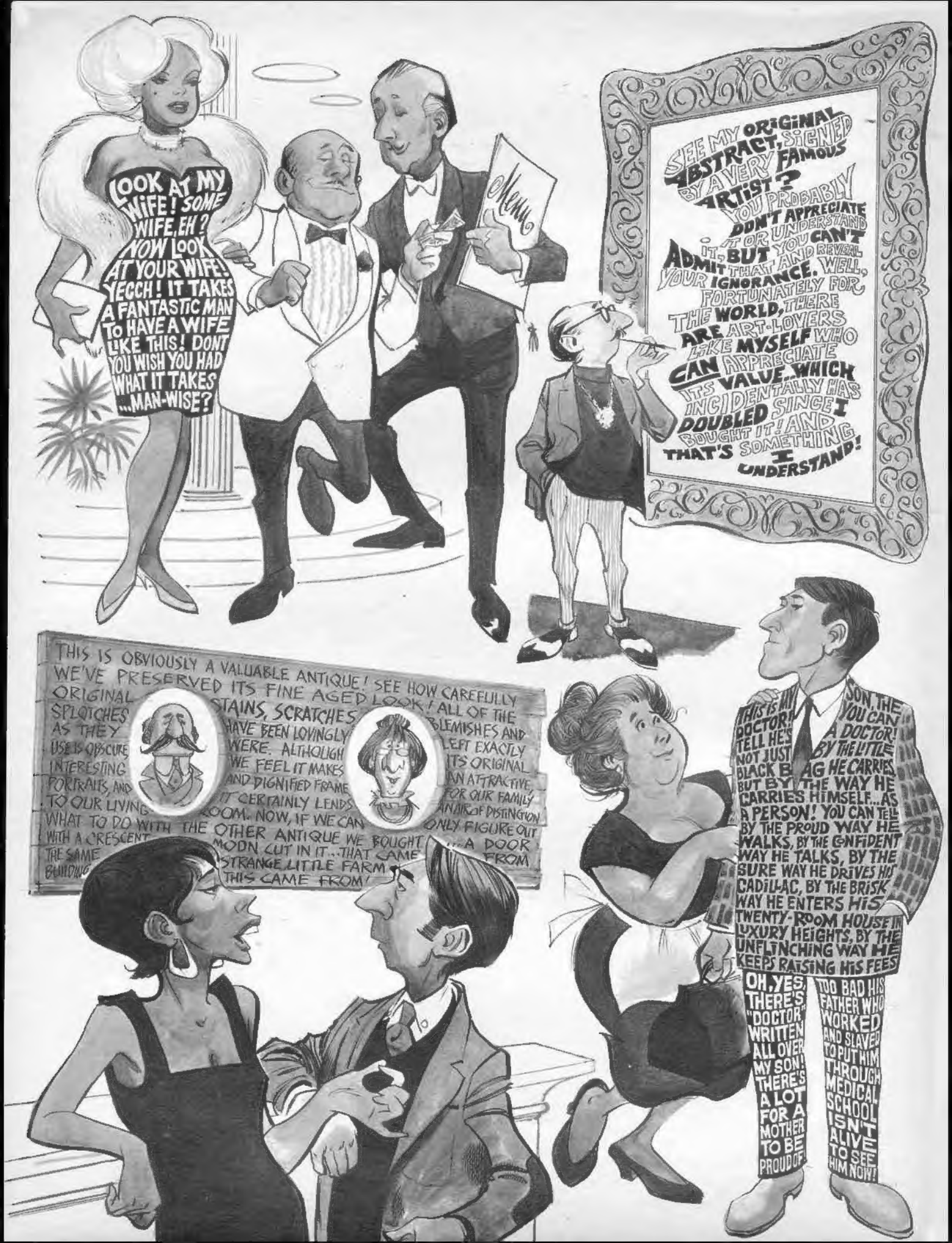
Nowadays, nearly everyone is involved in our Society's sick sad scramble to acquire "things". For the most part, these "things" are acquired to impress other people, and they actually carry this message rather clearly, as though they were printed signs. In fact, here is what we almost see when we look at these . . .

LOOK HOW IMPORTANT I AM! YOU CAN TELL BY THIS BIG BEAUTIFUL EXPENSIVE CAR I'M DRIVING! CARS LIKE THIS ARE ONLY OWNED BY VERY SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE SO YOU MUST ADMIRE ME AND RESPECT ME BECAUSE I OWN ONE. I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF TIME TO DO IT, TOO! I'LL KEEP THIS 480 HORSEPOWER BEAUTY DOWN TO A SLOW, DIGNIFIED RATE OF SPEED. THEN YOU CAN PULL UP ALONGSIDE OF ME AND PASS ME AND LOOK ME OVER IN AWE AND ENVY. NOTICE THAT I WONT LOOK BACK AT YOU. IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU STARING AT ME IN ADMIRATION. I'D REALLY ENJOY THAT! IT'S JUST THAT I MUSTN'T ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR EXISTENCE! THAT WOULD MAKE YOU FEEL IMPORTANT, TOO! AND THEN WHAT WOULD THIS WHOLE BIG BEAUTIFUL EXPENSIVE CAR BIT BE DOING FOR ME?

S OF STATUS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE




LOOK AT MY WIFE! SOME WIFE, EH? NOW LOOK AT YOUR WIFE! YECCH! IT TAKES A FANTASTIC MAN TO HAVE A WIFE LIKE THIS! DONT YOU WISH YOU HAD WHAT IT TAKES ...MAN-WISE?
Menu
SEE MY ORIGINAL ABSTRACT, SIGNED BY A VERY FAMOUS ARTIST? YOU PROBABLY DON'T APPRECIATE IT OR UNDERSTAND IT, BUT YOU CAN'T ADMIT THAT AND REVEAL YOUR IGNORANCE. WELL, FORTUNATELY FOR THE WORLD, THERE ARE ART-LOVERS LIKE MYSELF WHO CAN APPRECIATE ITS VALUE...WHICH INCIDENTALLY HAS DOUBLED SINCE I BOUGHT IT! AND THAT'S SOMETHING I UNDERSTAND!
THIS IS OBVIOUSLY A VALUABLE ANTIQUE! SEE HOW CAREFULLY WE'VE PRESERVED ITS FINE AGED LOOK! ALL OF THE ORIGINAL STAINS, SCRATCHES AND BLEMISHES AND SPLOTCHES HAVE BEEN LOVINGLY LEFT EXACTLY AS THEY WERE. ALTHOUGH ITS ORIGINAL USE IS OBSCURE WE FEEL IT MAKES AN ATTRACTIVE, INTERESTING AND DIGNIFIED FRAME FOR OUR FAMILY PORTRAITS, AND IT CERTAINLY LENDS AN AIR OF DISTINCTION TO OUR LIVING ROOM. NOW, IF WE CAN ONLY FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE OTHER ANTIQUE WE BOUGHT ...A DOOR WITH A CRESCENT MOON CUT IN IT...THAT CAME FROM THE SAME STRANGE LITTLE FARM BUILDING THIS CAME FROM!
THIS IS MY SON, THE DOCTOR! YOU CAN TELL HE'S A DOCTOR! NOT JUST BY THE LITTLE BLACK BAG HE CARRIES, BUT BY THE WAY HE CARRIES HIMSELF...AS A PERSON! YOU CAN TELL BY THE PROUD WAY HE WALKS, BY THE CONFIDENT WAY HE TALKS, BY THE SURE WAY HE DRIVES HIS CADILLAC, BY THE BRISK WAY HE ENTERS HIS TWENTY-ROOM HOUSE IN LUXURY HEIGHTS, BY THE UNFLINCHING WAY HE KEEPS RAISING HIS FEES
OH, YES, THERE'S "DOCTOR" WRITTEN ALL OVER MY SON! THERE'S A LOT FOR A MOTHER TO BE PROUD OF!
TOO BAD HIS FATHER WHO WORKED AND SLAVED TO PUT HIM THROUGH MEDICAL SCHOOL ISN'T ALIVE TO SEE HIM NOW!

SOME YACHT, EH? EVER SEE SUCH LUXURY? TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF ITS FANTASTIC APPOINTMENTS: EVERY DECK IS COVERED WITH WEATHER-PROOF OF WALL-TO-WALL CARPETING! IT SLEEPS EIGHT ON COMFORTABLE FULL SIZE BEDS IN FOUR SEPARATE STATEROOMS, EACH WITH ITS OWN BATHROOM AND SHOWER. THE GALLEY IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH A DISHWASHER, REFRIGERATOR, FREEZER, ELECTRIC STOVE AND DISPOSALL. THERE'S EVEN A LAUNDRY ROOM WITH A WASHER, DRYER AND ELECTRIC IRONER, AND THE BAR IS READY TO SERVE YOU ANY DRINK YOU'D CARE TO NAME. YEP, WE'VE GOT ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME ON THIS OCEAN GOING PALACE, AND ONE OF THESE DAYS WE MAY EVEN TAKE HER OUT FOR A CRUISE. BET THOSE BIG 350 HORSEPOWER ENGINES REALLY KICK UP A WAKE!

THESE AWARDS AND CITATIONS ALL OVER MY LABORATORY WALLS MERELY TELL YOU ONE THING FOR CERTAIN:

I AM A RENOWNED SCIENTIST DOING IMPORTANT AND SECRET RESEARCH FOR A HUGE CORPORATION.

THEY BEGIN AT THE TOP WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS FOR THE SIMPLE DISCOVERIES OF AN IDEALISTIC YOUTH, BARELY OUT OF COLLEGE, AND CULMINATE

AT THE BOTTOM WITH HONORS FOR MY GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO MANKIND THUS FAR:

NAPALM!

THIS IS OUR HOUSE! QUITE AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE HOME EH? ITS PLAIN TO SEE THAT OURS IS JUST ABOUT THE BEST-KEPT HOUSE ON THE BLOCK! THE BEST OF THE HOUSES LOOK LIKE SLUMS BY COMPARISON! NOTICE THAT NOT A THING IS SHOODY OR WORN OR OUT OF PLACE! EVERYTHING IS SPIC 'N SPAN, FROM THE TIP OF THE COLOR TV ANTENNA ON THE CHIMNEY RIGHT DOWN TO THE PAINSTAKINGLY-MANICURED LUSH LAWN! BUT ALL THIS DOES NOT COME EASY! IT TAKES CONSTANT CARE AND MONEY TO KEEP A HOUSE LOOKING LIKE THIS! AND IT DOESN'T LEAVE ANYTHING FOR FRIVOLITIES SUCH AS HAVING PARTIES, OR GOING OUT TO DINNERS, OR SEEING SHOWS OR TAKING VACATIONS! BUT THEN WHO NEEDS ALL OF THAT WHEN YOU'VE GOT A HOME LIKE THIS TO LIVE IN AND BE PROUD OF? YEP, THIS IS REALLY LIVING!

US MAIL

Clark

HERR OF THE DOG DEPT.

A few issues back, MAD published some samples of a little-known early 1918 comic strip from the Hamburg Post-Dispatch which presented the other side of that epic struggle of

Further Adventure

OR "Security Ist Eine Gro

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ

THE RED BARON

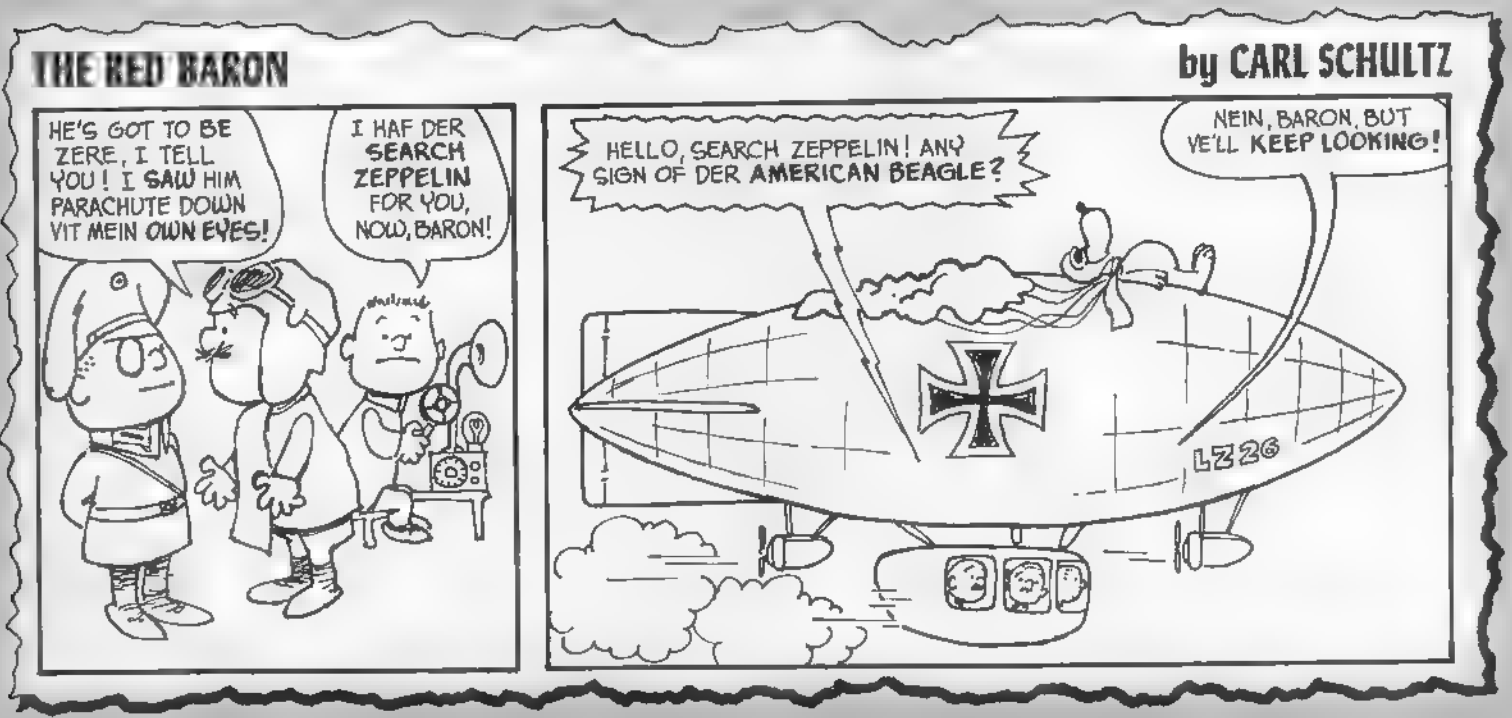
by CARL SCHULTZ

World War I . . . mainly Snoopy's run-ins with The Red Baron. Now, in response to popular demand (and because the author knows we have relatives living in Germany), here are some

s Of The Red Baron

unded Beaglehundt"

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



THE RED BARON

by CARL SCHULTZ

THE RED BARON

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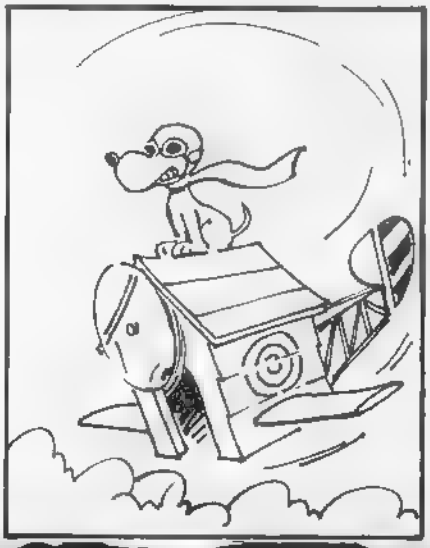
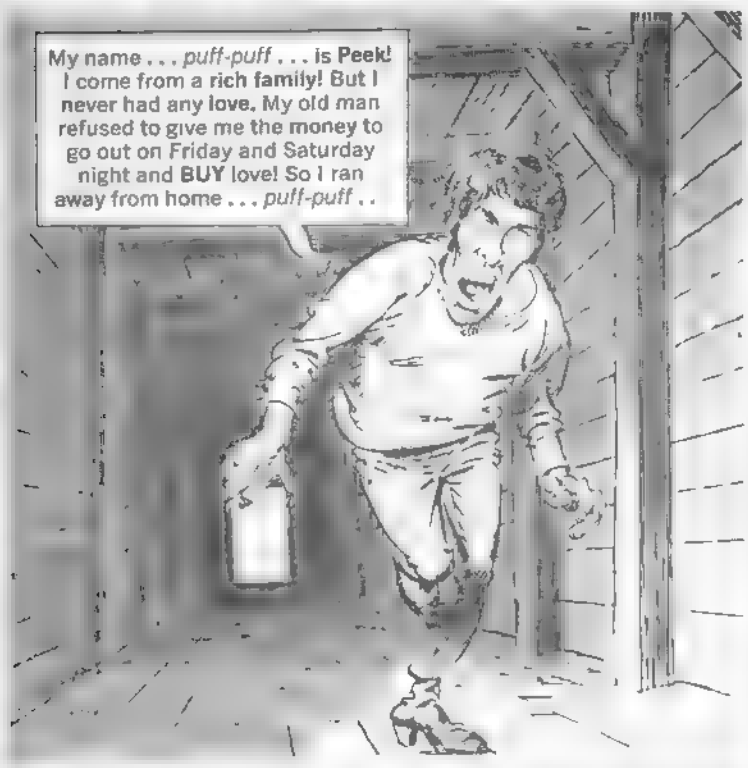
THE RED BARON

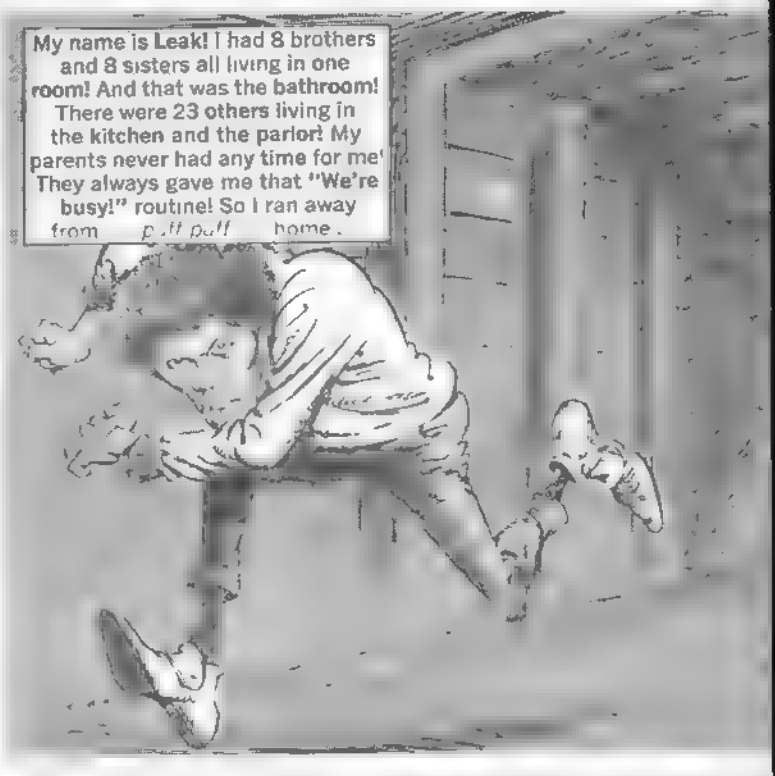
by CARL SCHULTZ

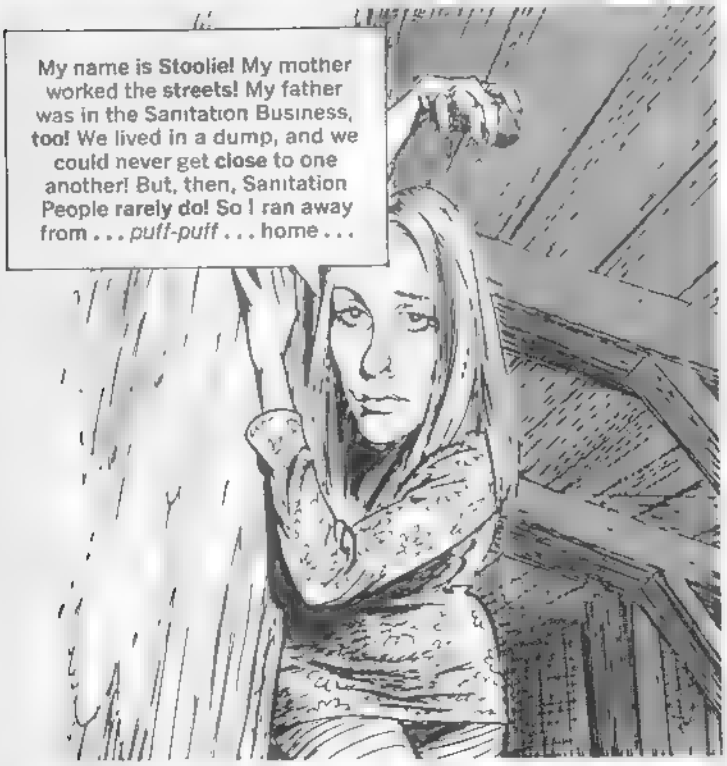


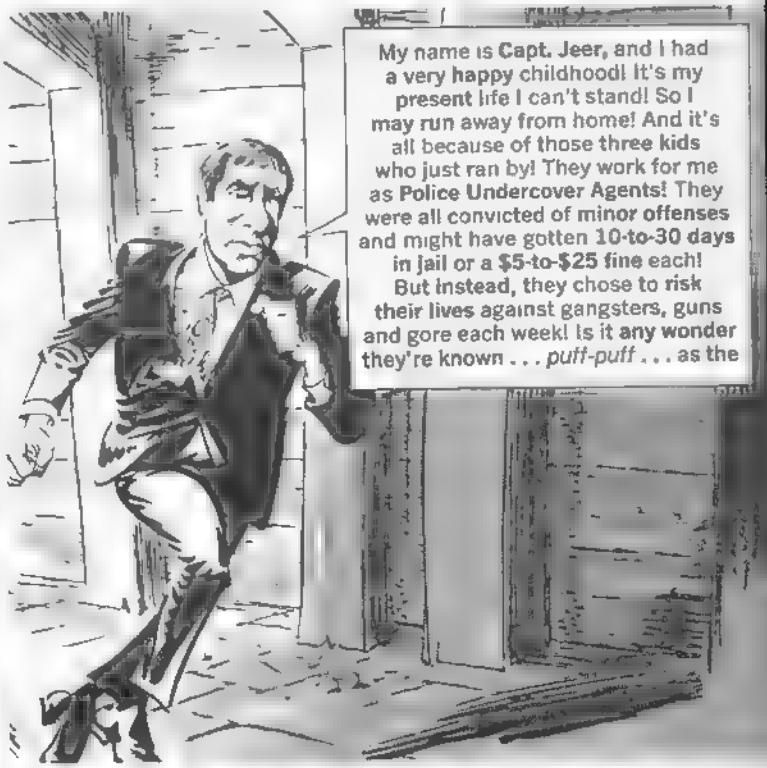
TEENY-COPPERS DEPT.

HEY, GANG! LET'S TAKE A MAD LOOK AT THAT GREAT NEW "IN" TV SERIES THAT BEGINS EACH EPISODE LIKE THIS:









"ODD SQUAD"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Why do we have to run through the tunnels all the time? Couldn't we take a train just once?!

Hey, man! You know we're anti-subway!

But it's so damp and wet down there!

Dampness is my bag! I never had dampness when I was a kid! All I ever had was dry! Do you know you could blow your mind with too much dry?

And it's also so black down there!

Something bugging you, Capt.? Why don't you get it off your chest, baby?

Nothing's bugging me!

Then how come you never say it's WHITE down there?!

Hey, like, wow, man! Don't be so uptight! We don't want a bad scene!

It's too late! We just had one!

Hold it!

Okay... now I can tell you what we're up against!

Why'd you put those phony shades on for?

Because I'm going to talk "Official Business" and this is an official disguise!

But, man—there ain't no cats for blocks around!

Yeah, but you never know what direction the Mount Palomar telescope is pointing!

Capt. Jeer, sometimes you are way out—and other times, you are GONE!

Let me smell that cigarette you're smoking, Captain!

Now, listen! This is the toughest assignment we've ever had. A man was murdered in a toy store last night. As he died, he whispered the name, 'Bobby Smith'! We don't know who this "Bobby Smith" is—where he lives—or anything!

Cool the mouth a minute, Capt! Here comes an old class-mate of mine ..

Hiya, Bobby!

Hiya, Leak!

Be sure to give my regards to your mother ... Mrs. Smith!

Okay, man! But don't tell anybody you saw me, y'hear!

He's an old class-mate of mine!

Looks like a real nice guy!

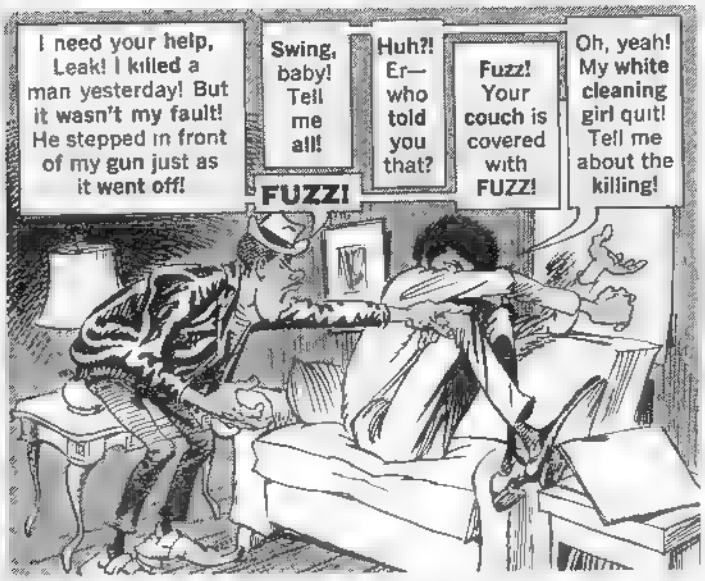
He has to be! He's our age!

You'll do your best to help me, won't you, kids?

Don't furrow your square dome, Captain!

What's that mean?

That means "yes"!

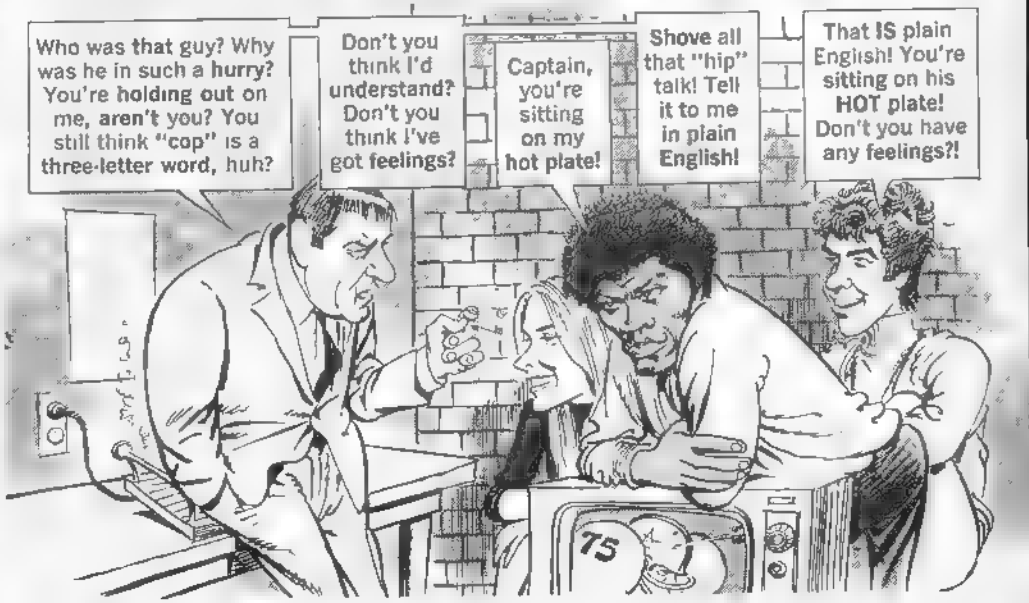

I need your help, Leak! I killed a man yesterday! But it wasn't my fault! He stepped in front of my gun just as it went off!
Swing, baby! Tell me all!
Huh?! Er— who told you that?
Fuzz! Your couch is covered with FUZZ!
Oh, yeah! My white cleaning girl quit! Tell me about the killing!
FUZZ!

Well, this guy comes up and offers me a chance to make some quick bread! I should have known something was wrong! After all, he was . . . an ADULT!
Keep spilling your guts, baby!
I didn't want to be! It was that, or go to jail . . .
There's a guy down there wearing a FEZ!
For cryin' out loud, finish your story!!
FEZ!

Hi, Leak! Peak and I had an idea about—
FIZZ!
Who told him?! Leak, you know that's a secret!!
FIZZ! It's like "Fresca" only better! Try some?
He's THE "Bobby Smith" —and you're hiding him, aren't you Leak? You couldn't trust us! You couldn't trust us because you have something in common with him that you don't share with us! You're both TALL!!

Let us help you before Captain Jeer finds out what's happening!
FUZZ!
Hey, man! You already told me about the couch!!
What couch!?! You're FUZZ! COPPERS!! FLATFOOTS!! JOHNNY LAWS!! You're working for Capt. Jeer!
But we're NOT Fuzz! We help people! In the last 13 weeks, we helped 10 muggers, 3 rapists, and 5 murderers get off scot-free! They're back on the streets now, thanks to us!

Man . . . Fuzz is Fuzz, and I'm cuttin' outta here!
Just wait till I tell the other tall people that you're hangin' around with SHORTIE folk, Leak!


Who was that guy? Why was he in such a hurry? You're holding out on me, aren't you? You still think "cop" is a three-letter word, huh?
Don't you think I'd understand? Don't you think I've got feelings?
Captain, you're sitting on my hot plate!
Shove all that "hip" talk! Tell it to me in plain English!
That IS plain English! You're sitting on his HOT plate! Don't you have any feelings?!
75

All right, here's what we've found out so far! Bobby Smith was employed by a Toy Manufacturer named Wayne Gibson! We know a few things about Gibson. He likes to swim at the Y.M.C.A.! Stoolie—you go down to the "Y" and poke around the locker room! See what you turn up!

But, Captain . . .

And we know that Gibson Toys were featured recently in a magazine article! Peek, you go to the offices of "Ebony Magazine" and scour the back issues! Tell them you're looking for a picture of your brother!

But, Captain . . .

And Leak—you find out all you can about this cancelled check we found in the murdered man's safe. It's made out to some company with the initials "K.K.K."! Visit all the organizations with those initials! Start with the Ku Klux Klan!

But, Captain . . .

Well, I never promised this work would be EASY!!

THE NEXT DAY

Hi, gang! Any luck?

Hmmm! Okay, let's try another plan! One of you will pose as a camera-girl in a night club!

Leak . . . ?

Not me, Captain!

Peek . . . ?

Forget it, Captain!

Then I'm afraid it will have to be you, Stoolie!

Here's a photo of Gibson! When he comes into the night club, take his picture with whoever he's with! We want to know his accomplices!

Which night club do I go to?

There are 8000 in the city! Pick any one of 'em!

Peek! You'll pose as a bank guard! When you see Gibson come into the bank, try to learn how much he deposits, and who the checks came from!

Which bank will I guard?

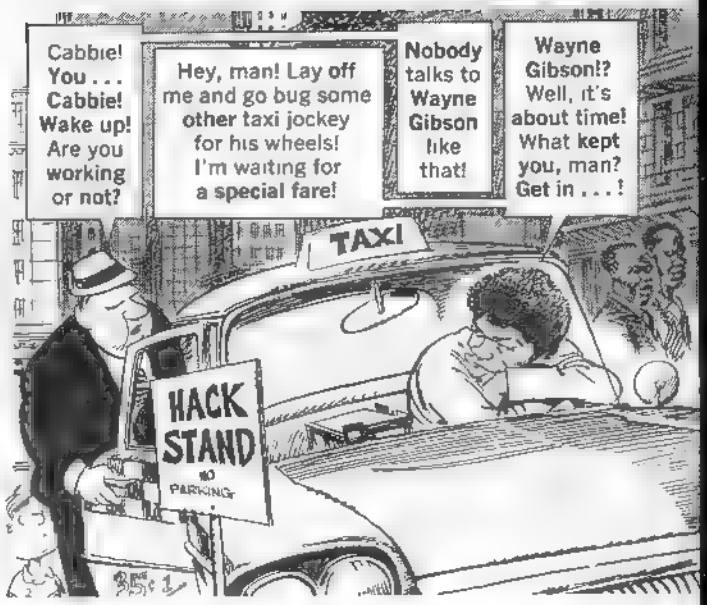
There are 4,580 in the city! Pick any one of 'em!

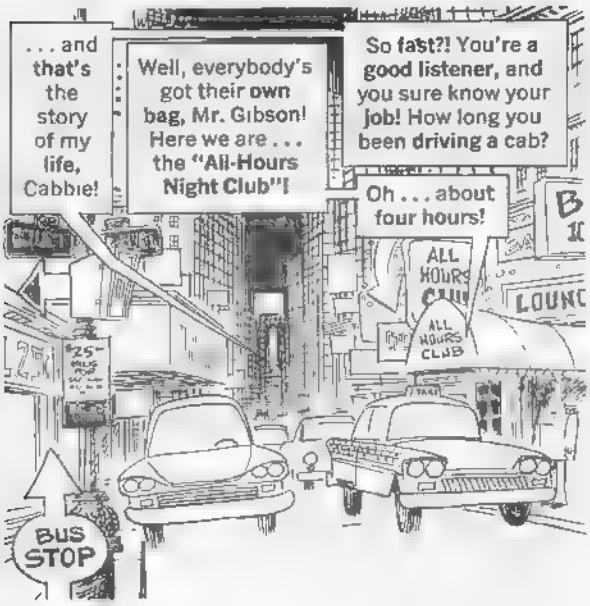
Leak! You'll pose as a cab driver and pick up Gibson as a fare! When you do, try to listen to his conversation if he's with someone, or make conversation if he's alone!

Where's the best place to pick him up as a fare?

Where else?! Mid-town! The way this show goes, you'll ALL score!!

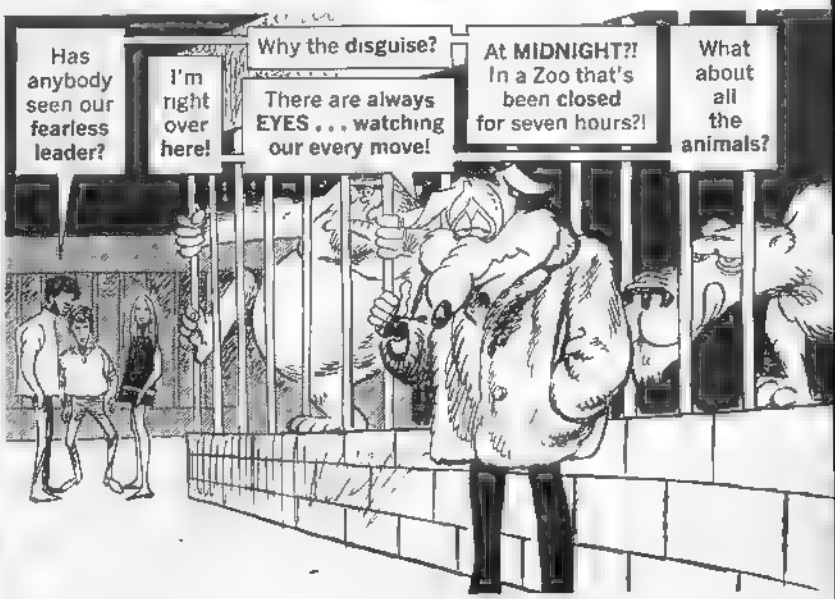
Good morning, Mr. Gibson! How are you today!
I'm fine! But—must your guard, here, stand so close to me?!
Oh, he's all right! That's our Mr. Jones! He's loved and trusted by all of us! In fact, the Bank President has even given him the combination to our vault!
Oh, really? How long has he been with the bank?
About 4 hours!


Cabbie! You . . . Cabbie! Wake up! Are you working or not?
Hey, man! Lay off me and go bug some other taxi jockey for his wheels! I'm waiting for a special fare!
Nobody talks to Wayne Gibson like that!
Wayne Gibson!? Well, it's about time! What kept you, man? Get in . . . !
TAXI
HACK STAND
NO PARKING


. . . and that's the story of my life, Cabbie!
Well, everybody's got their own bag, Mr. Gibson! Here we are . . . the "All-Hours Night Club"!
So fast?! You're a good listener, and you sure know your job! How long you been driving a cab?
Oh . . . about four hours!
ALL HOURS CLUB
ALL HOURS CLUB
BUS STOP

What'll it be, Mr. Gibson?
I'll have a Martini . . . and my two accomplices will have Bloody Marys!
Excuse me! Are you Mr. WAYNE Gibson . . . ?
Yes, that's me!
Oh, may I take your picture?
No, thanks! I already got one!
But . . . I'd like THIS one for myself!

Please, Mr. Gibson, let her take your picture. Her work is going to be featured in Popular Photography, she's going to have a one-woman show at the Museum, and she's the talk of the photo industry!
Really!? How long you been foolin' around with this photography?
Oh, about four hours!


Has anybody seen our fearless leader?
I'm right over here!
Why the disguise?
There are always EYES . . . watching our every move!
At MIDNIGHT?! In a Zoo that's been closed for seven hours?!
What about all the animals?

Before you give me your reports, let me tell you what I've come up with myself!

I've arrested thirteen kids on drunken driving charges, twelve kids for passing bum checks, ten for pushing pot, and six—

Cool it! They're all innocent! Let 'em go!

Gibson gave me the whole story while I drove him cross-town in my cab! He's running a racket! He hires kids as Toy Salesmen for his phony company, and just before they go into stores to demonstrate his products, he switches the toy guns in the sample cases with real ones so they kill the store owners unintentionally!

Then, in the confusion that follows, he runs into the store and empties the cash register!

So you can let all them kids you arrested go free!

WHAT AM I TO TELL YOU WHEN THOSE MINUTES ARE UP?

SCAN MEETING TONIGHT AT BARRY'S HOUSE

WHY?? Gibson's racket may explain Bobby Smith's story, but it doesn't explain drunken driving, passing bum checks, pushing pot—

Man, he was, like, a BAD INFLUENCE on those kids! He DID live in the SAME CITY!!

Y'know! A rotten apple spoiling the others in the barrel and all that jazz!

CHARLIE IS A POTHEAD

BENNY IS A SNITCHER

AND I DON'T HONOR CREDIT CARDS!

In other words, a kid who kills isn't a murderer . . . and a kid who steals isn't a thief! It's all the fault of the adults around him!

Oh, you're so groovy, Captain! You're beginning to understand!

If I'm beginning to understand a crazy theory like THAT, I'm not groovy . . . I'm out of my mind!

But I would like to understand ONE thing, Stoolie! It's this weird triangle of yours!

You three are always together! I never see you date! So it's hard to tell!

Clue me in! Where is the ROMANTIC INTEREST in this show?

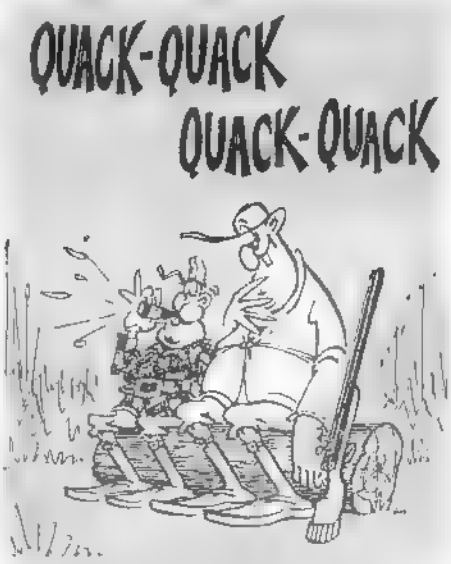
Well, if you must know, Captain, it's between those two guys!

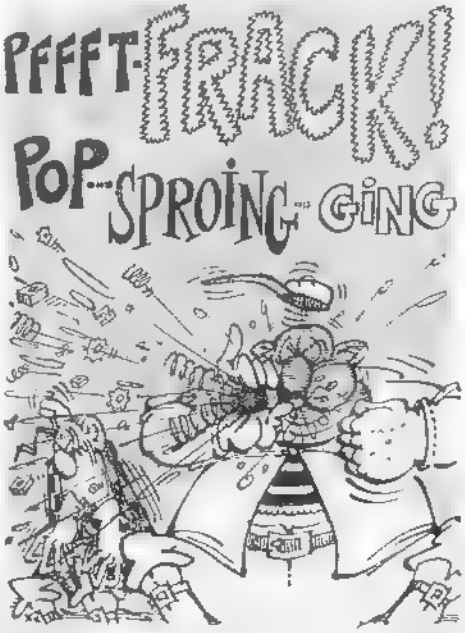
I KNOW that! I guess it's too controversial for television to tell me WHICH guy, huh?

It may be too controversial for television, but I just TOLD you! The ROMANTIC INTEREST in this show is between THOSE TWO GUYS!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

THE HUNTERS





TAXATION WITHOUT MISREPRESENTATION DEPT.

It's Income Tax time again, gang, so get ready for that annual rash of complaints about how high Taxes are. Would you like to know why Taxes are so high? Because the Government just isn't getting all of the Tax Money that's due it! And do you know why the Government isn't getting all of

SPECIFIC INCOME TAX FORMS

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR **CONGRESSMEN**

United States Congressman FORM 1040

Name: BILLY JOE JUKES
Home Address: 1 PEACHTREE LANE
Home City & State: MUDFLAT, GEORGIA

1968

SCHEDULE A: WAGES AND SALARIES

1. Enter total wages paid by U.S. Government ▶ 30,000.00

SCHEDULE B: INCOME FROM SOURCES OTHER THAN WAGES AND SALARIES

2. Gross Wages of relatives on U.S. Government Payroll (list):

NAME	RELATIONSHIP	SALARY
SCARLETT JUKES	SISTER, AND WIFE'S FIRST COUSIN	10,000.00
ASHLEY KALLIKAK	BROTHER-IN LAW, AND COUSIN	10,000.00
RHETT JUKES KALLIKAK	COUSIN ON BOTH SIDES	7,500.00
MELANIE JUKES	MY FIRST BORN, AGE 14	7,500.00
BILLY JOE JUKES, JR.	MY SECOND BORN, AGE 9	10,000.00
MRS. BILLY JOE KALLIKAK JUKES	— WIFE AND COUSIN	25,000.00

3. Total wages of relatives on U.S. Government Payroll ▶ 70,000.00
4. Total amount of wages kicked back to you from relatives ▶ 70,000.00
5. Rent paid for office space by U.S. Government (list):

ADDRESS	SPACE	RENT
1 PEACHTREE LANE, MUDFLAT, GA.	FRONT PORCH	1,000.00
1 PEACHTREE LANE, MUDFLAT, GA	BACK PORCH	1,000.00
1 PEACHTREE LANE, MUDFLAT, GA.	CELLAR	1,500.00
1 PEACHTREE LANE, MUDFLAT, GA.	½ OF OUTHOUSE	500.00
CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE BUILDING	WASHINGTON, D.C. 3 ROOMS	FREE

6. Total rent paid for office space by U.S. Government ▶ 4,000.00
7. Total rent received by you or kicked back to you ▶ 4,000.00
8. Farm Income
   (Enter total subsidies paid to you by U.S. Government for not growing crops on your properties) ▶ 7,800.00
9. Lobby Income
   (Enter total monies paid to you by Lobbyists against bills providing Financial Aid to Cities) ▶ 5,000.00
10. Value of Medical Care received at U.S. Government Hospitals:

NAME	NATURE OF TREATMENT	VALUE
MRS JUKES	NOSE JOB	500.00
ASHLEY KALLIKAK	LOBOTOMY	750.00
MELANIE JUKES	BRACES ON TEETH	1,250.00
BILLY JOE JUKES, SR. (ME)	SEMI-ANNUAL DRYING OUT CURE	3,500.00

11. Total value of Medical Care received ▶ 6,000.00
12. Other Lobby Income:
    (Enter total monies paid to you by AMA and other Medical Lobbyists against Medicare Bills) ▶ 2,500.00
13. Total contributions to campaign by constituents ▶ 18,297.50
14. Amount of contributions used for personal purposes ▶ 18,297.50
15. Value of travel junkets paid for by U.S. Government (list):

DATE	PURPOSE AND DESTINATION	VALUE OF TRIP
4/12 4/22/68	FOREIGN RELATIONS - PARIS	1,900.00
6/8-6/18/68	UNDERDEVELOPED AREAS TAHITI	2,500.00
7/19-12/10/68	DOLLAR DRAIN - LAS VEGAS	5,000.00

the Tax Money that's due it? Because the current 1040 Income Tax Form is inadequate! A general type of Income Tax Form like the one now in use simply cannot cover all of the possible areas of taxable income gathered by specific businesses or professions. What really is needed today are

FOR SPECIFIC PROFESSIONS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR **COLLEGE ATHLETES**

College Athlete FORM 1040

Name MIKE "CRUSHER" KOWALSKI
(First Name) (Nickname) (Last Name)

Present Employer POTRZEBIE UNIVERSITY

Uniform No. 86 Position TIGHT END

1968

SCHEDULE 1: STATUS (CHECK ONE): ☐ SINGLE ☐ MARRIED ☑ OTHER MAKING OUT (Explain)

SCHEDULE 2: INCOME

1. Wages and Salaries for alleged on-campus jobs (list):

JOB	WAGES RECEIVED
WAITING ON TABLES	2,500.00
HANDING OUT TOWELS IN GYM	2,500.00
CLEANING BLACKBOARDS AND ERASERS	2,500.00
ATTENDING CLASSES	2,500.00

2. Income from sources other than wages and salaries (list):

SOURCE	AMOUNT RECEIVED
FRIENDLY ALUMNI	1,000.00
FRIENDLY PRO SCOUT	1,000.00
FRIENDLY BOOKMAKER	3,500.00
FRIENDLY BROADS	750.00

3. Miscellaneous Income (Value of Items other than cash received):

ITEM	VALUE
1968 CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE	7,800.00
FM STEREO PHONOGRAPH - COLOR TELEVISION	1,500.00
COMPLETE WARDROBE	1,800.00
APARTMENT	2,400.00

4. **TOTAL INCOME** (Add lines 1, 2 and 3) ▶ 29,750.00

SCHEDULE 3: EXPENSES

5. Monies paid out to egghead students for (list):
   - (A) Taking Exams 50.00
   - (B) Writing Term Papers 75.00
   - (C) Doing Homework Assignments 225.00
   - (D) Other: WRITING LETTERS HOME 25.00

6. Books and Supplies (Itemize):
   - (A) CANDY, FANNY HILL, THE PEARL (.95¢ EACH) 2.85
   - (B) 1 BALL POINT PEN 1.00
   - (C) 1 LITTLE BLACK BOOK 1.00
   - (D) BEER 365.00

7. TOTAL EXPENSES (Add lines 5 and 6) ▶ 744.85
8. TOTAL TAXABLE INCOME (Subtract line 7 from line 4) ▶ 29,005.15
9. **TOTAL TAX** ▶ 6,303.00

MIKE "CRUSHER" KOWALSKI
Taxpayers Signature Date

IF RETURN WAS PREPARED BY PERSON OTHER THAN TAXPAYER, SIGN BELOW:

Phoebe Sprite Intimate Occasionally
Signature and Relationship Date

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR **BUTCHERS**

22. Total of lines 19 through 21	58.85	728.82
23. GROSS PROFIT FROM SALE OF HORSEMEAT (Subtract line 22 from line 18)		953.21
SCHEDULE D: PROFIT (OR LOSS) FROM SALE OF HAMBURGER		
24. GROSS RECEIPTS FROM SALE OF HAMBURGER		4157.65
25. Cost of meat purchased for other purposes:	3127.44	
26. Less cost of meat that did not spoil:	2465.88	
27. Total cost of spoiled meat used in hamburger:	6611.56	
28. Cost of other ingredients used in hamburger (list):		
(A) Bones	488.20	
(B) Gristle and fat	535.70	
(C) Entrails	201.15	
(D) Sawdust and Floor Sweepings	12.75	
(E) Other KITTY LITTER	183.80	
29. Add 10% for weight of thumb on scales:	208.32	
30. Total of lines 27 through 29		2291.48
31. GROSS PROFIT FROM SALE OF HAMBURGER: (Subtract line 31 from line 24)		1866.17
SCHEDULE E: OTHER BUTCHER BUSINESS DEDUCTIONS		
32. BRIBES PAID (list):		
(A) Meat Inspector:	700.00	
(B) Scale Inspector:	500.00	
(C) Other RIDING ACADEMY OWNER	100.00	
33. OTHER EXPENSES (Describe): SIGN PAINTER FOR LETTERING "SOUL BROTHER" ON WINDOW DURING RACE RIOT	40.00	
SCHEDULE F: CALCULATION OF INCOME TAX OWED OR REFUND DUE		
34. Enter total of lines 11, 17, 23 and 31		12401.68
35. Enter total of lines 32 and 33		1340.00
36. NET PROFIT (OR LOSS) (Subtract line 35 from line 34)		11061.61
NOTE: IF YOU SHOW A LOSS, YOU CALL YOURSELF A BUTCHER?		
37. Using Tax Table on Page 8, enter tax due here		275.00

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR **LAWYERS**

SCHEDULE C: INCOME FROM SOURCES OTHER THAN FEES		
12. Gross receipts (cash, checks or value of gifts) from grateful Insurance Companies, Individuals or others for getting your clients to settle out of court for less money		27,683.50
13. Bonus payments from Corporations for finding loopholes in tax laws for them		32,250.00
14. Reward payments from State or U.S. Government for tipping them off about tax evading corporations		12,500.00
15. Cash received from clients (Corporations or Individuals) to be used for purpose of bribes	50,000.00	
16. Bribes actually paid (list recipients):		
(A) Judges	5,000.00	
(B) Jurors	7,000.00	
(C) Witnesses	9,000.00	
(D) Police	12,000.00	
(E) DA's	4,000.00	
(F) Others Psychiatrists for Insanity Pleas	6,000.00	
17. Net profit on cash received for bribes: (Subtract line 16 from line 15)		7,000.00
18. Total Income from sources other than fees: (Add lines 12, 13, 15 and 17)		79,433.50

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR **DISC JOCKEYS**

SCHEDULE E: INCOME FROM SOURCES OTHER THAN WAGES AND SALARIES

21. Payola (List sources, purpose and amount):

COMPANY OR INDIVIDUAL	FOR	AMOUNT
EARSPLITTING RECORDS, INC	PLUGGING BAD RECORDS	7,500.00
MAMMOTH FILMS, INC	PUSHING LOUSY MOVIES	10,000.00
BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS, INC.	RECOMMENDING FLOP PLAYS	5,000.00
EATING PLACES, INC.	SUGGESTING CRUMMY RESTAURANTS	2,500.00
MARTY LEWIS	PLAYING UNFUNNY ALBUM	175.00
OTHER INDIVIDUALS	SEE ATTACHED LIST "C"	6,325.50

TOTAL PAYOLA ► 31,500.50

22. Gratuities received other than cash (Estimate value):
    - (A) Favors from Entertainers (Attach detailed explanations): 17,750.00
    - (B) Free Vacations for touting hotels and airlines: 9,450.00
    - (C) Free Dinners, Booze, etc. for plug of products: 6,250.00
    - (D) Free Gifts from Agents, etc.: 8,520.38
    - (E) Others (Explain): VALUE OF LIFE SAVED FOR PRAISING MAFIA-CONTROLLED ENTERTAINERS 1,000,000.00

FORM 1040 DJ

CONTINUED ON FLIP SIDE

EXCERPT FROM TAX FORM FOR **TV REPAIRMEN**

21. NET PROFIT from sale of new picture tubes: (Subtract line 20 from line 19) ► 1,783.50

SCHEDULE C: INCOME FROM SALE OR EXCHANGE OF TUBES

22. INCOME from charging retail prices for new tubes: 4251.50
23. Actual wholesale cost of new tubes: 1380.50
24. NET PROFIT from installing new tubes: (Subtract line 23 from line 22) ► 2,871.00
25. AMOUNT received for switching tubes from one TV set to another and charging customer for new tubes ► 3,792.00

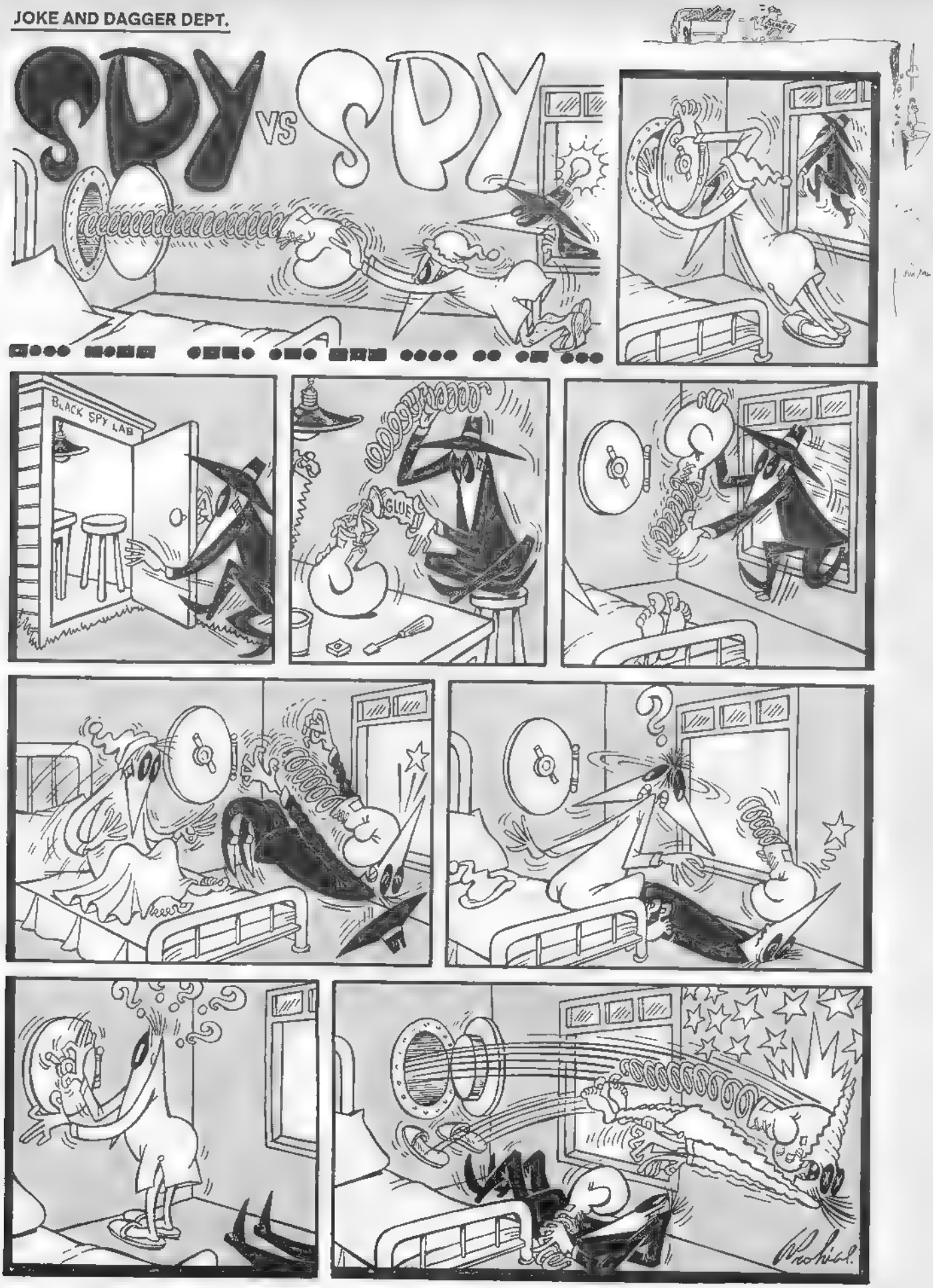
SCHEDULE D: INCOME FROM SERVICE CALLS AND REPAIRS

26. TOTAL CHARGES made for service calls: 3850.00
27. Actual cost of service calls, including parts: 22.00
28. NET PROFIT from service calls ► 3,828.00
29. TOTAL CHARGES made for taking TV sets into shop when they could have been repaired right in homes: 4785.50
30. Actual cost of labor and parts for Shop Repairs: 185.50
31. NET PROFIT from Shop Repairs: (Subtract line 30 from line 29) ► 4,600.00

SCHEDULE E: INCOME FROM SALE OF YEARLY SERVICE CONTRACTS

32. GROSS RECEIPTS from sale of Yearly Service Contracts: 10,200.00
33. Cost of tubes and parts replaced during contract period: 1,150.22
34. NET PROFIT from Yearly Service Contracts: (Subtract line 33 from line 32) ► 9,048.78
35. GROSS RECEIPTS from sale of tubes and parts after Yearly Service Contracts have expired: 7759.50
36. Cost of special tubes and parts manufactured to last for exactly one year and one day: 2321.50
37. NET PROFIT made after Yearly Service Contracts expire: (Subtract line 36 from line 35) ► 5,438.00

SCHEDULE F: INCOME FROM ADJUSTING COLOR TV RECEIVERS

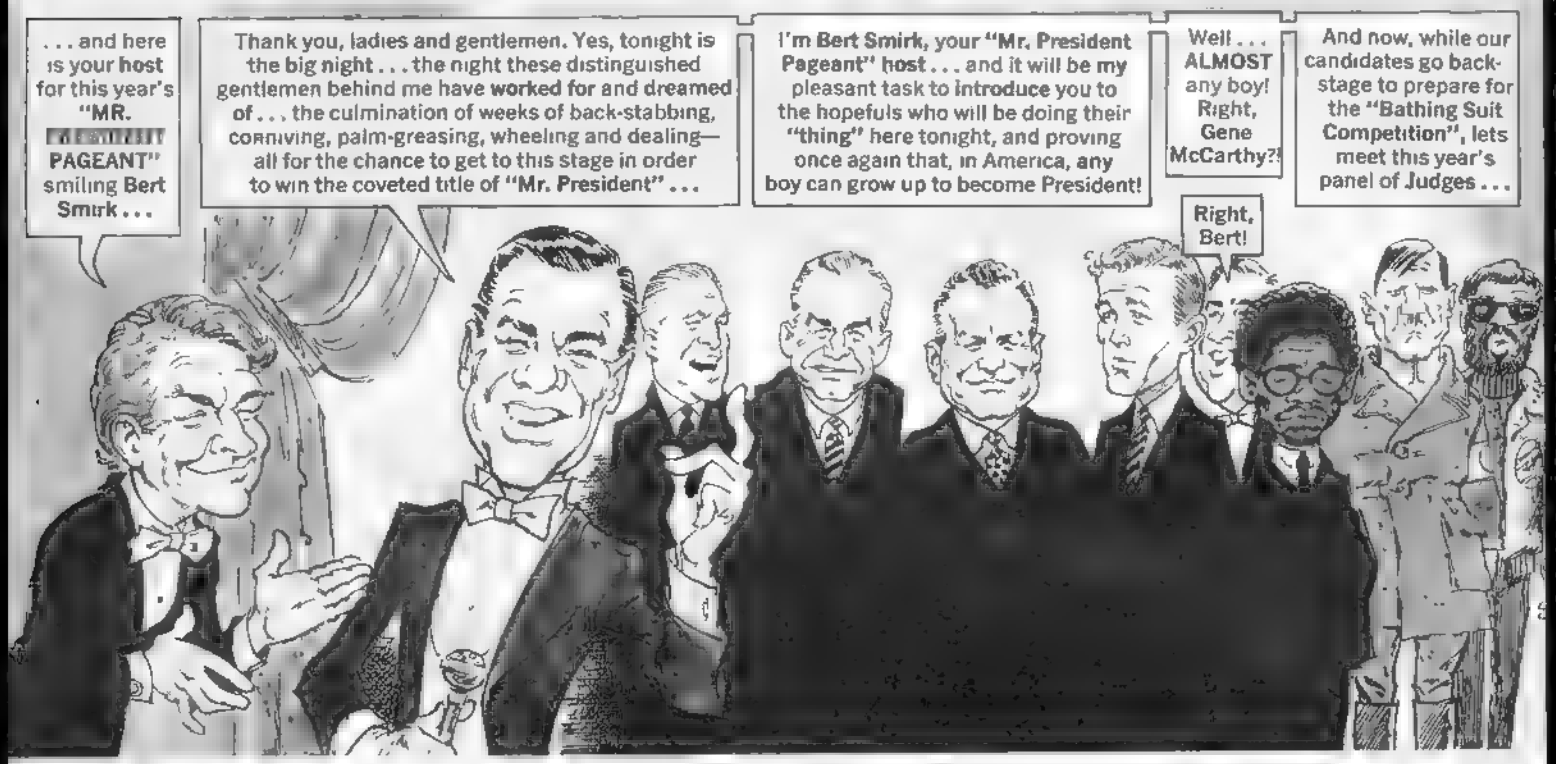

SPY VS SPY
BLACK SPY LAB
GLUE

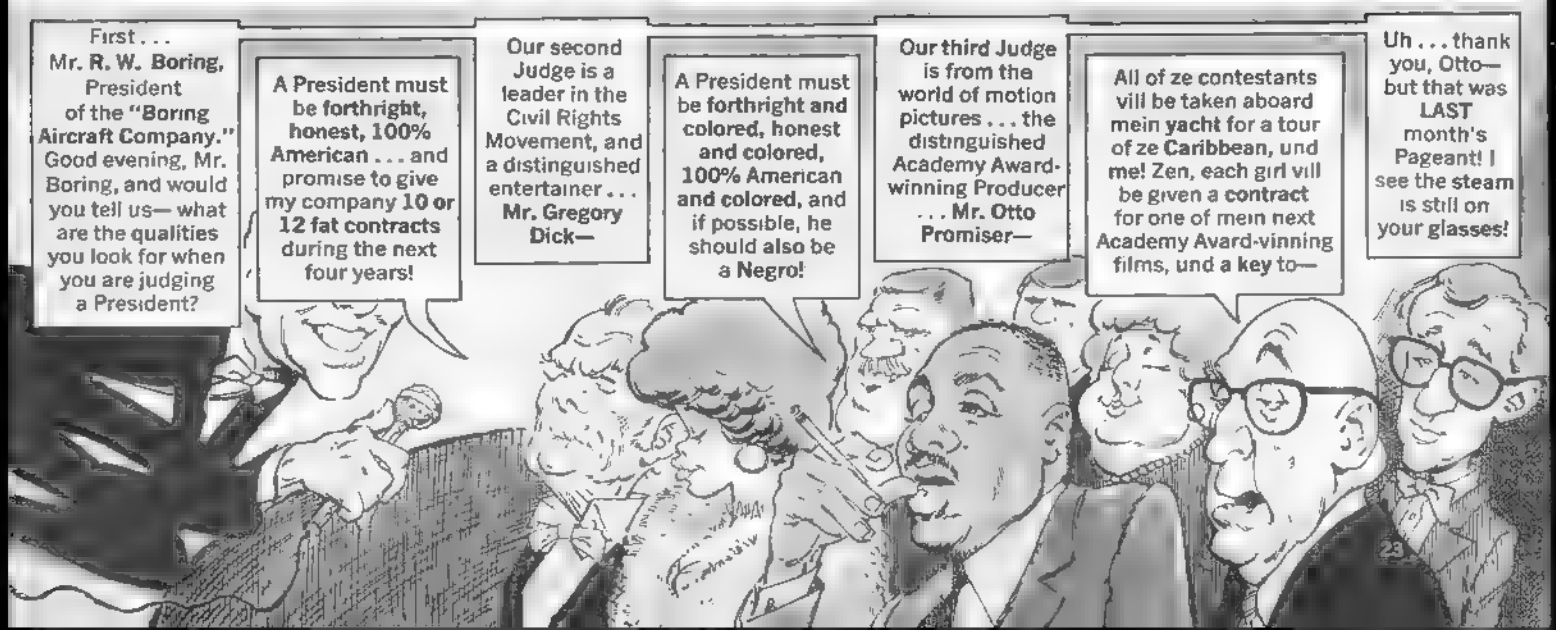
ELECTORATE CIRCUS DEPT.

Since the real issues are rarely at stake, and the whole thing boils down to a popularity contest based on how well the candidates appeal to the voters on television, we could save a lot of time, trouble and money . . .

IF THE PRESIDENT were chosen like "Miss America"

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: EARLE DOUD





And now, ladies and gentlemen . . . the moment you've all waited for—the "Bathing Suit Competition" . . .

From the state of Minnesota comes our first candidate, lovely Hubert Horatio Humphrey . . .

Mr. Humphrey is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, with a 38 in. waist. He has held several jobs . . . Mayor, U S. Senator, Vice President . . .

. . . and Drug Store Clerk—a job he intends to return to if he doesn't win here tonight!

Now, our second candidate, from the great state of Alabama . . . charming George Wallace . . .

George attended Tuskegee Institute where he majored in "Hate". He speaks several languages—including Southern!

He is a Karate expert, and at one time was offered a BLACK BELT . . . which he refused!

Now, let's go up to the Sponsor's Booth—and a word from lovely June Lockliver . . .

Thank you, Bert! And I have here with me in the booth one of the most exciting candidates in this year's Pageant, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller!

Tell me, Governor . . . are you familiar with our marvelous product, "Claire's Ol' Summer Blonde Hair Lightener and Conditioner and Beauty Set Shampoo"?

Well, my wife uses it!

Can you tell us WHY?

Because it gives her hair that natural look, it gets rid of that oily feeling, and I own the company that makes it!

Thank you, Sir—and good luck tonight! Now, back to Bert—

Thank you, June! Incidentally, tonight's winner will be given his own house, his own plane, his own boat, and his own war—all of which he may enjoy free for the next four years!

And now, for the "Talent" part of our "Mr. President Pageant"—

First, from the great state of New York—Mr. Richard Milhous!

Nixon! . . . Richard Milhous NIXON!

Sorry about that! Tell us . . . what are you going to do for us, Dick?

Well, I'm going to lower taxes, end the war, solve the poverty pr—

No, I mean for the "Talent" part of the show tonight!

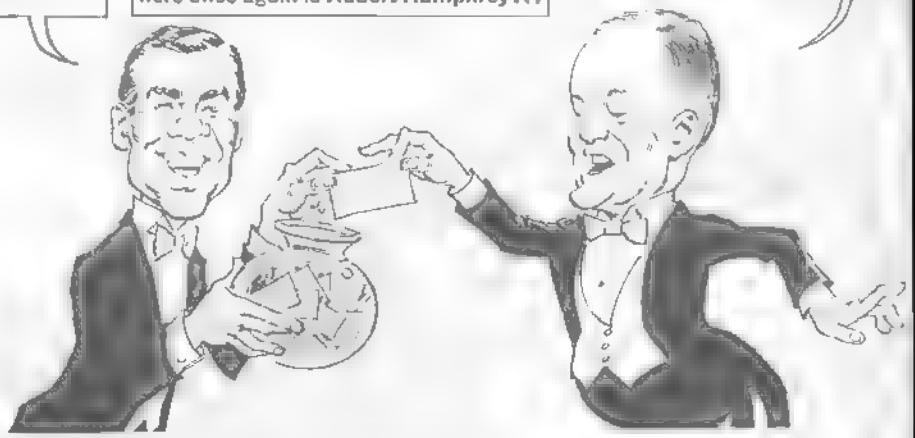
Oh, I'm going to do the aria from the opera, "Pagliacci"!

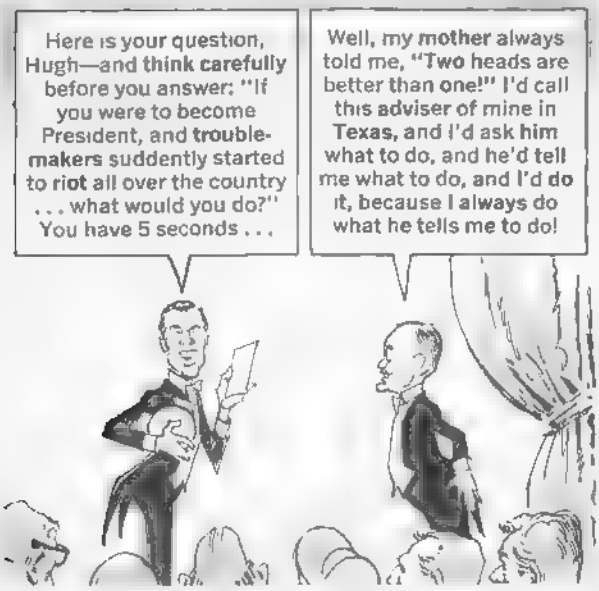
Great! Here, singing the aria from "Pagliacci" as Richard Milhous Ni—

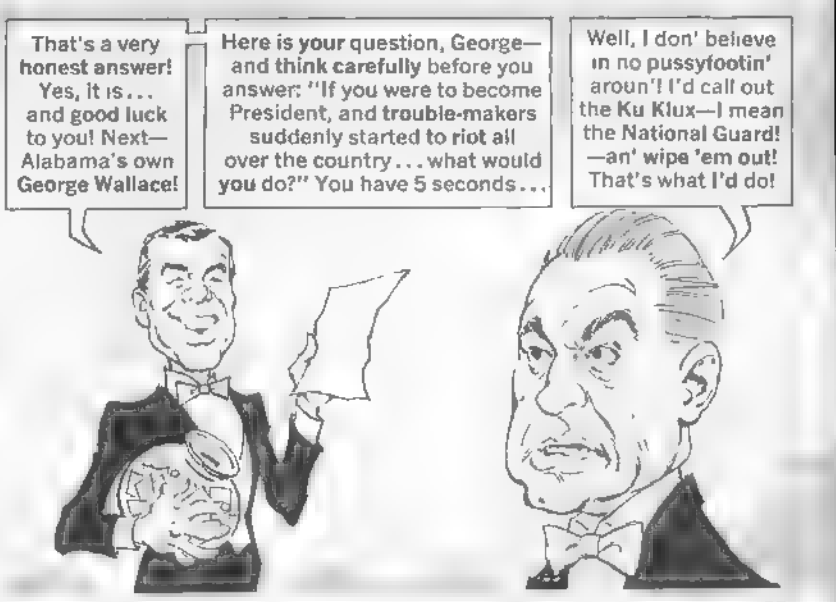
No, I don't SING! I just do the crying parts!

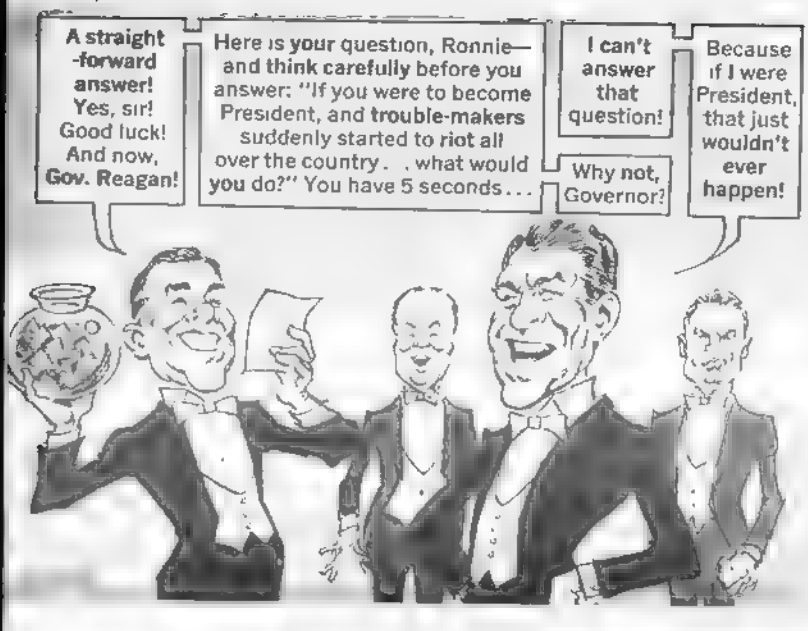
Wonderful! And now... representing the state of California—Gov. Ronald Reagan...
I suppose a lot of people kid you about having the [redacted] the old movie star, eh, Ronnie?
I AM the old movie star, Bert!

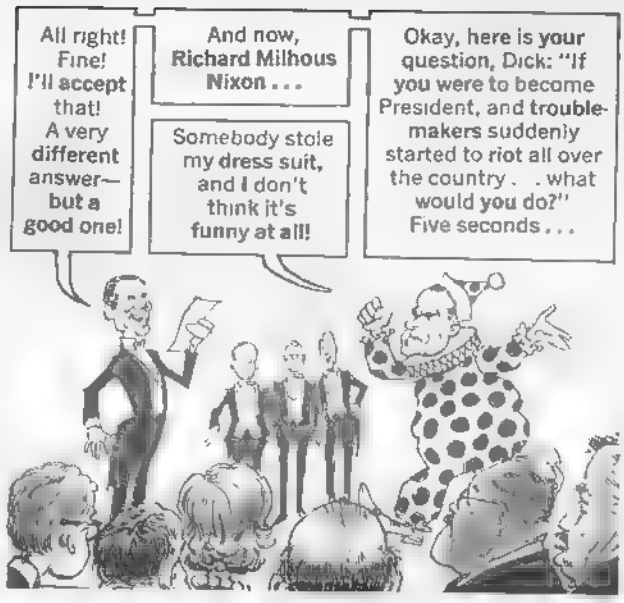
How about that, folks? He IS the old movie star! What are you going to do for us tonight?
I'm going to tap dance down into the audience, showing only my right side—which is my good side—and sign autographs while film clips of my old love scenes are projected up on the stage!

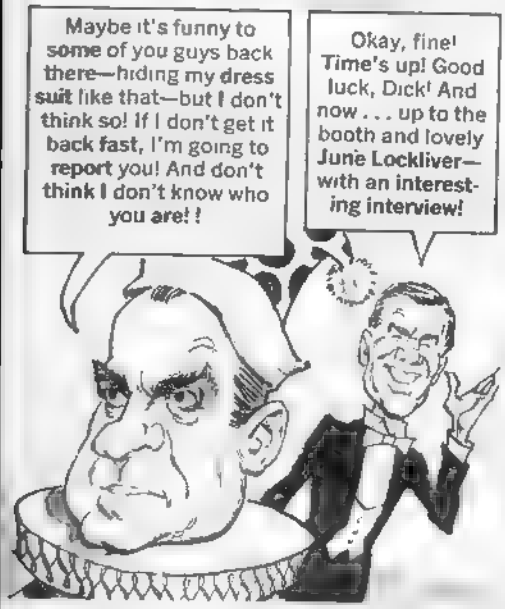

Great, Ronnie! And now, ladies and gentlemen—the "Ad Lib" portion of our program...
Each finalist must answer a question picked from this bowl. He has not seen the question before, and he only has five seconds to think about his answer! And now, ready to pick his question—here once again is Hubert Humphrey...
Hold it, Hubert! Pick the question FIRST—THEN give your answer!
Well, it is my firm belief...


Here is your question, Hugh—and think carefully before you answer: "If you were to become President, and trouble-makers suddenly started to riot all over the country ... what would you do?" You have 5 seconds...
Well, my mother always told me, "Two heads are better than one!" I'd call this adviser of mine in Texas, and I'd ask him what to do, and he'd tell me what to do, and I'd do it, because I always do what he tells me to do!

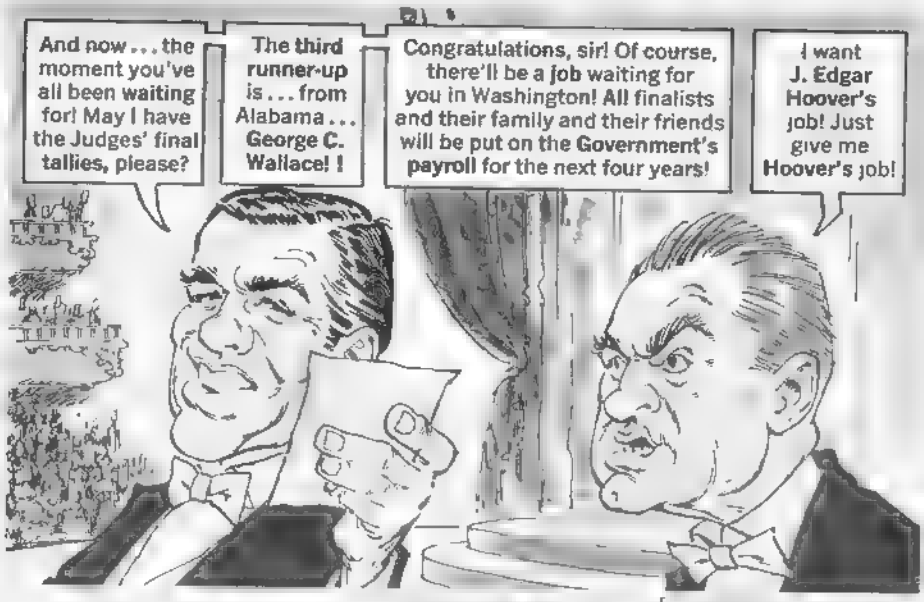

That's a very honest answer! Yes, it is... and good luck to you! Next—Alabama's own George Wallace!
Here is your question, George—and think carefully before you answer: "If you were to become President, and trouble-makers suddenly started to riot all over the country ... what would you do?" You have 5 seconds...
Well, I don' believe in no pussyfootin' aroun'! I'd call out the Ku Klux—I mean the National Guard! —an' wipe 'em out! That's what I'd do!


A straight-forward answer! Yes, sir! Good luck! And now, Gov. Reagan!
Here is your question, Ronnie—and think carefully before you answer: "If you were to become President, and trouble-makers suddenly started to riot all over the country . . . what would you do?" You have 5 seconds . . .
I can't answer that question!
Why not, Governor?
Because if I were President, that just wouldn't ever happen!


All right! Fine! I'll accept that! A very different answer—but a good one!
And now, Richard Milhous Nixon . . .
Somebody stole my dress suit, and I don't think it's funny at all!
Okay, here is your question, Dick: "If you were to become President, and trouble-makers suddenly started to riot all over the country . . . what would you do?" Five seconds . . .


Maybe it's funny to some of you guys back there—hiding my dress suit like that—but I don't think so! If I don't get it back fast, I'm going to report you! And don't think I don't know who you are! !
Okay, fine! Time's up! Good luck, Dick! And now . . . up to the booth and lovely June Lockliver—with an interesting interview!

Thank you, Bert! I'm here with the last winner of the "Mr. President Pageant" . . . Lyndon Baines Johnson! Tell us, Lyndon, did being "Mr. President" for the past four years benefit you in any way?
It certainly did, June! For one thing, Ah got both mah daughters married off—somethin' Ah never would've been able t' do if Ah hadn't been "Mr. President"! An' mah wife an' Ah visited fifty-four countries! We never would've done THAT!
And what would you say was the one greatest contribution you made during your 4 years as "Mr. President"?


And now . . . the moment you've all been waiting for! May I have the Judges' final tallies, please?
The third runner-up is . . . from Alabama . . . George C. Wallace! !
Congratulations, sir! Of course, there'll be a job waiting for you in Washington! All finalists and their family and their friends will be put on the Government's payroll for the next four years!
I want J. Edgar Hoover's job! Just give me Hoover's job!

The second runner-up . . . from Minnesota . . . is Hubert Horatio Humphrey! Congratulations, Hubert!

And tell us— what job do YOU want in Washington?

I'll take anything! Just tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it!

And the first runner up . . . from the great state of Maryland . . . SPIRO AGNEW!

Who? ? Who'd he say? ?

I think he said Spyros Skouras!

What's "Agnew"?

I dunno! What's Agnew with you?

And that, of course, means that the winner of the "Mr. President Pageant" . . . and the new Chief Executive of the United States is New York's Richard M. Nixon!

I'll bet it was YOU who stole my dress suit! Well, I'll get even, Bert— You'll see . . .

I'll have your Federal Income Tax Reports examined with a fine-toothed comb! You'll see!

This must be a very thrilling moment for you, "Mr. President"!

I was always confident that I'd w n! It comes as no surprise to me! They thought they could make me look ridiculous, but they were wrong!

Well, now they're in for four years of hell, I'll tell you that! I'll get even with all of them! You'll see!

Anybody wanna debate! C'mon! I'll debate anybody! !

He's got a marvelous sense of humor, eh, folks? !

And now, as you take that long walk down the ramp, I crown you "MR. PRESIDENT . . . RICHARD M. NIXON"! !

Walk? You want me to WALK down that ramp? Where's my fancy Presidential car? !

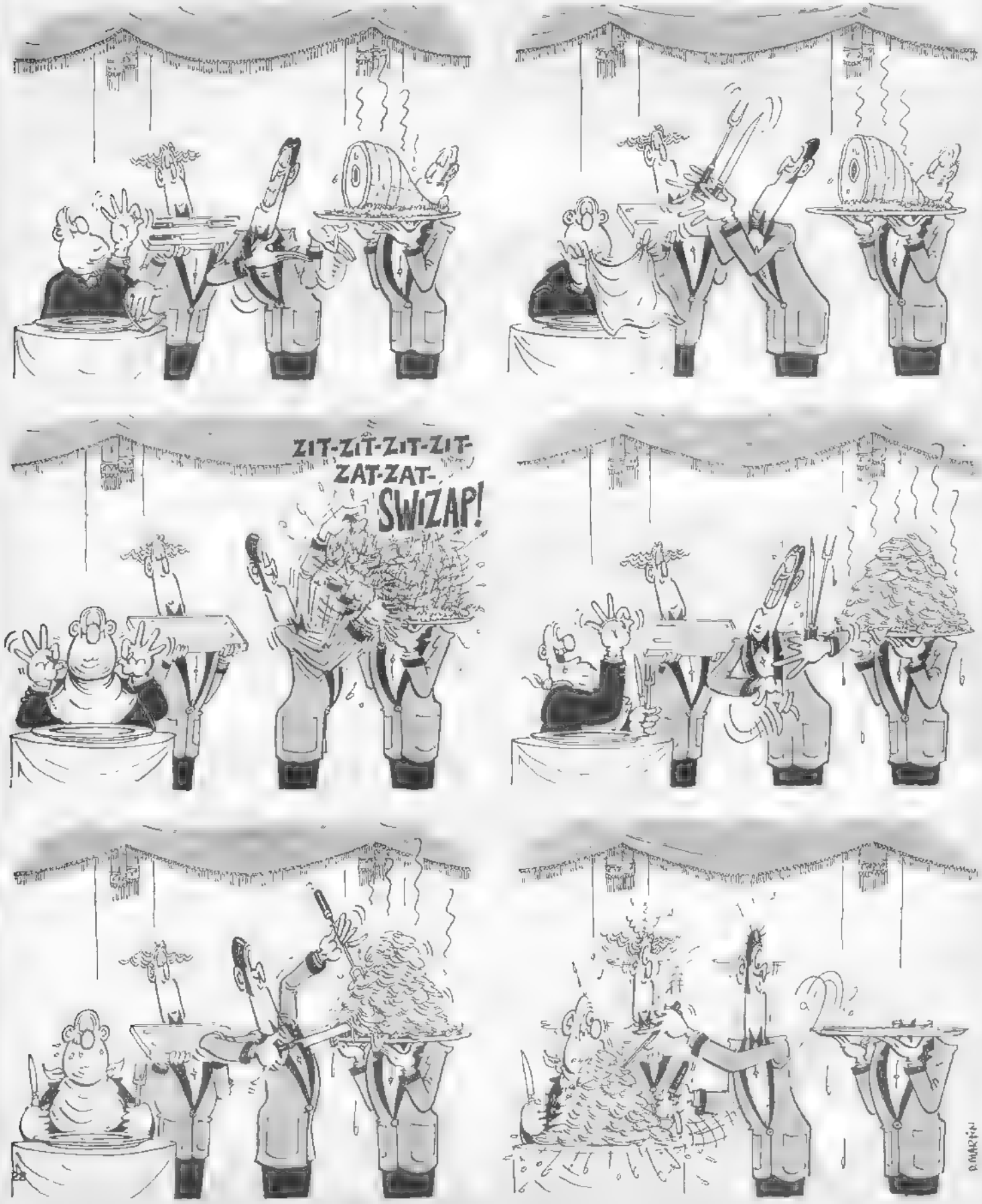
There he is . . . Mr. President! He is now . . . Our ideal!

Full of warmth . . And tears . . . And sentiment

Can you believe That he's . . . For real? !

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

IN A FANCY RESTAURANT



MANIKIN-DEPRESSIVE DEPT.

Maybe the reason many teenagers and young adults are escaping from reality through the use of Marijuana and LSD and other drugs these days is because they were *exposed* to reality at much too early an age... mainly when they were still playing with dolls! We're talking about *realistic* dolls! Those VERY *realistic* dolls! We'll show you just what we mean as we take...

A MAD LOOK AT REALISTIC DOLLS

The doll on our right, of course, is the very popular "G.I. Joey" doll. He is completely flexible. In other words, he has no mind of his own, and bends to every command . . . regardless of *what* it is, or *who* it comes from. Go ahead! Give G.I. Joey an order! Ask him to kill somebody! He will! His commanding officer, Major Hawk, wishes he had more dolls like G.I. Joey under his command! Today, Toyland... tomorrow, the World!

WRITER: HAROLD MORRISON

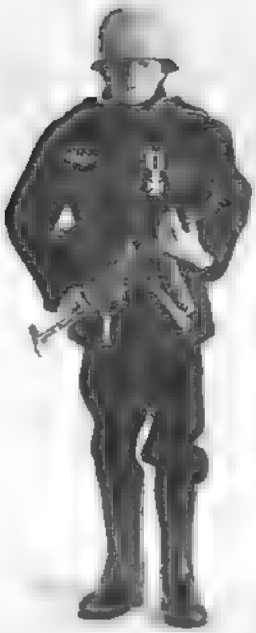
PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

This is "Keen"! He is Boobie's boyfriend. He's testing out one of his newest accessories . . . his *cigarette lighter*, on one of his oldest accessories . . . his *Draft Card!* Keen is strongly against becoming a "G.I. Joey" doll and wants us to know it!

This is "Boobie"! Now, *there's* a doll! A *living* doll! She comes equipped with everything that a young girl of today might wish for: Personality, good looks, and pure femininity. Too bad! She'll have to *change* all that if she expects to be accepted today!

This is Boobie's friend, "Afro"! She is a "Token" doll. She is a very nice doll. She is a credit to her doll race! But despite her intelligence and charm, G.I. Joey (And even Keen!) cannot ask her for a date! The Doll World isn't *ready* for that sort of thing!

This is "G.I. Jerry"! He was an *enemy* of G.I. Joey once. Now he is a *friend! Half* of him, anyway! The *Western Half!*

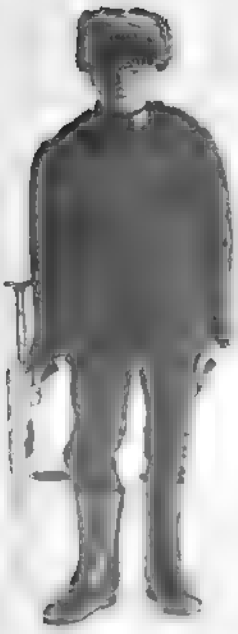


This is "G.I. Jap"! *He* was an enemy at one time, also! Now, he and Joey have an *understanding!* If Joey will forget about *Pearl Harbor,* G.I. Jap will forget about *Hiroshima!*

This is "G.I. Red"! He was a friend at one time! Then . . . he *wasn't* one! Then . . . he *was!* Then he *wasn't!* What is he *today?* Which way is the *wind* blowing?

Here is "Keen" again. He is practically the same size as Boobie, and has the same delicate features. He can even fit into some of Boobie's clothes. That Keen will go to *any lengths* to avoid ending up as a "G.I. Joey"!

Talk about clothes, here is Boobie in her third outfit today. That's all she ever *thinks* about is clothes. It takes a lot of *money* to keep her in the latest fashions. *Think* about that before you marry a doll like Boobie!



This is "G.I. Frog"! He is a French doll. He, too, was a friend, once. And he claims he still is. *Ha!* With friend-dolls like *this*, you don't need *enemy-dolls!*

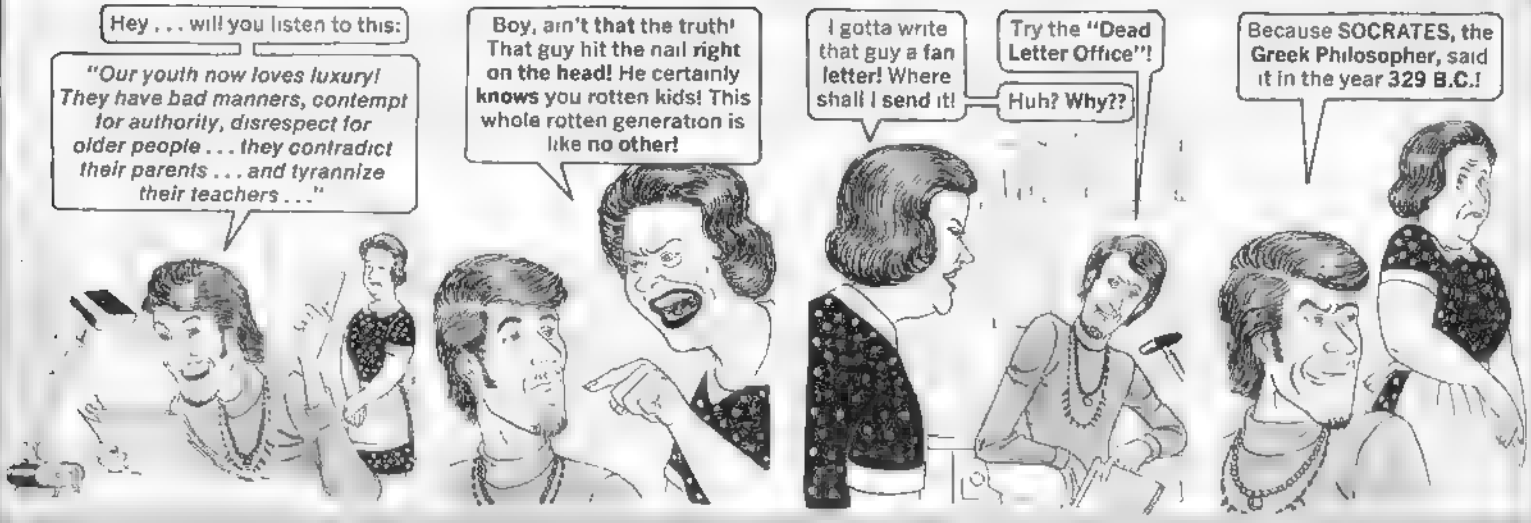
This is "G.I. Limey"! He was a friend once. And he is a friend now! They say the sun never sets on English friendship!

Hey, there goes Keen again. He's wearing a new outfit, too! And it comes complete with matching luggage and a one way ticket to Canada. Looks like Keen is making a *last-ditch effort* to keep from becoming a "G.I. Joey"!

And who can *blame* Keen? Look at G.I. Joey. Someone is firing *bullets* at him. Not *toy* bullets, either! Who is it? G.I. Jap? G.I. Jerry? G.I. Frenchy? No, it's a *new* enemy . . . "G.I. Cong"! G.I. Cong comes with many accessories. You can look them up in G.I. Red's catalogue!

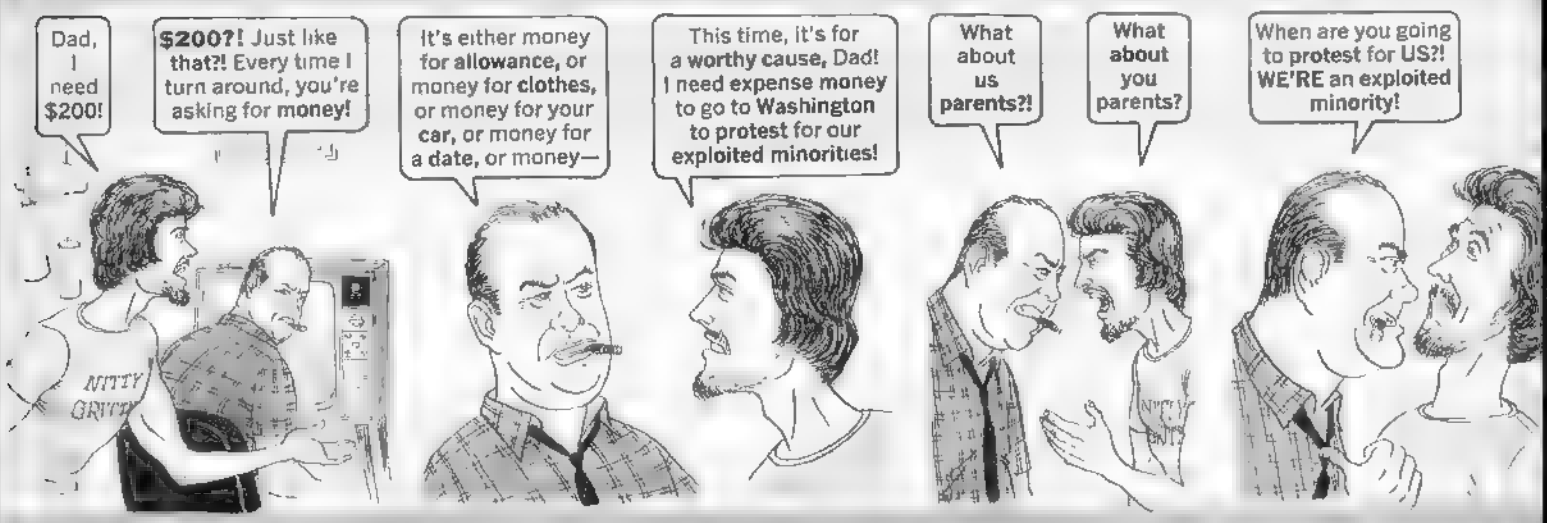
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

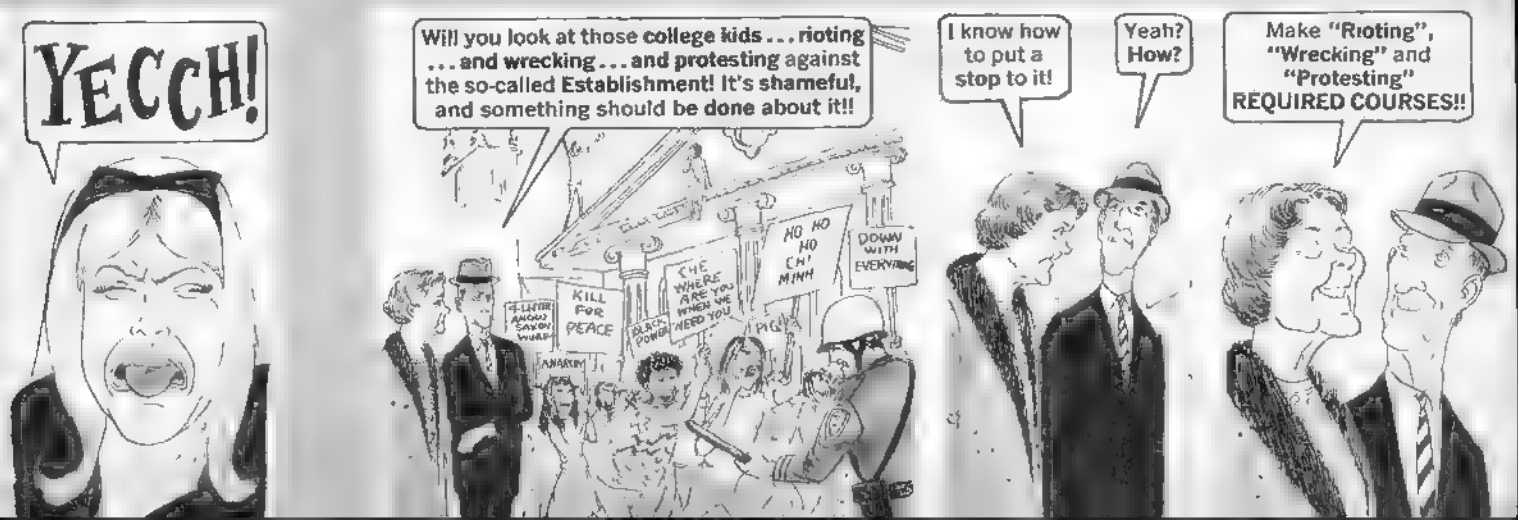
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE GENER



RATION GAP

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG





I grew up during the **Depression!** We had **nothing!** I had to work **darn hard** for every little thing! Now, when I look **back** on it, I realize that I'm a **better person** for it! It tempered my **steel!** It was a **schooling . . . and a privilege!**

Then, when I started making **good money** and acquiring **material things,** I was able to **appreciate them all the more! I cherished** and **valued each item!**

You, on the other hand, grew up amid **affluence!** You never **knew** what it was like to **"go without" . . .** therefore you **can never fully appreciate** what you've got!

Gee, I never **realized** it before . . .

I'm an UNDERPRIVILEGED KID!!

Well, son, what did you learn in **school** today?

I learned **PLENTY!!**

Like what?

Like Bobby Forman gets a **bigger allowance** than I do!!

Gee, I was talking to an **ADULT** the other day, and I **couldn't believe it!** He was so **patient!** He **calmly heard me out,** and then gave me such **wise advice!**

That's strange! I had a **similar experience** recently!

Good Lord!! These kids and their music! It's **awful!!**

Y'know, I used to feel that way . . .

. . . but I **listened,** and I learned to like it! This **Beatle** record, f'rinstance . . . it really **has** something!!

Did I **hear** you right, Mom? You like this Beatle record??

When adults start liking what we **kids like . . .**

. . . then there **MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT!!**

Why can't you be a **Straight "A"** student like **Victor Freeman?**

Victor Freeman is a **fagot!!**

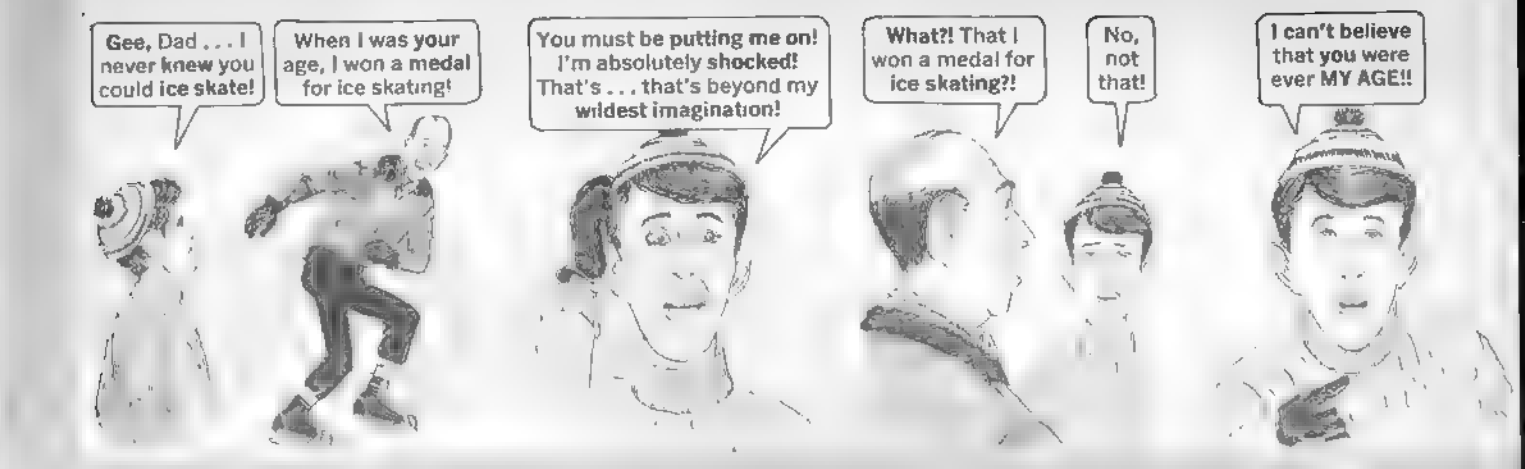
Victor Freeman is a **FAGOT?!** I suppose **Jed Novak,** the Captain of the **Football Team,** is also a **fagot!!**

Jed Novak?! He sure **IS** a **fagot!!**

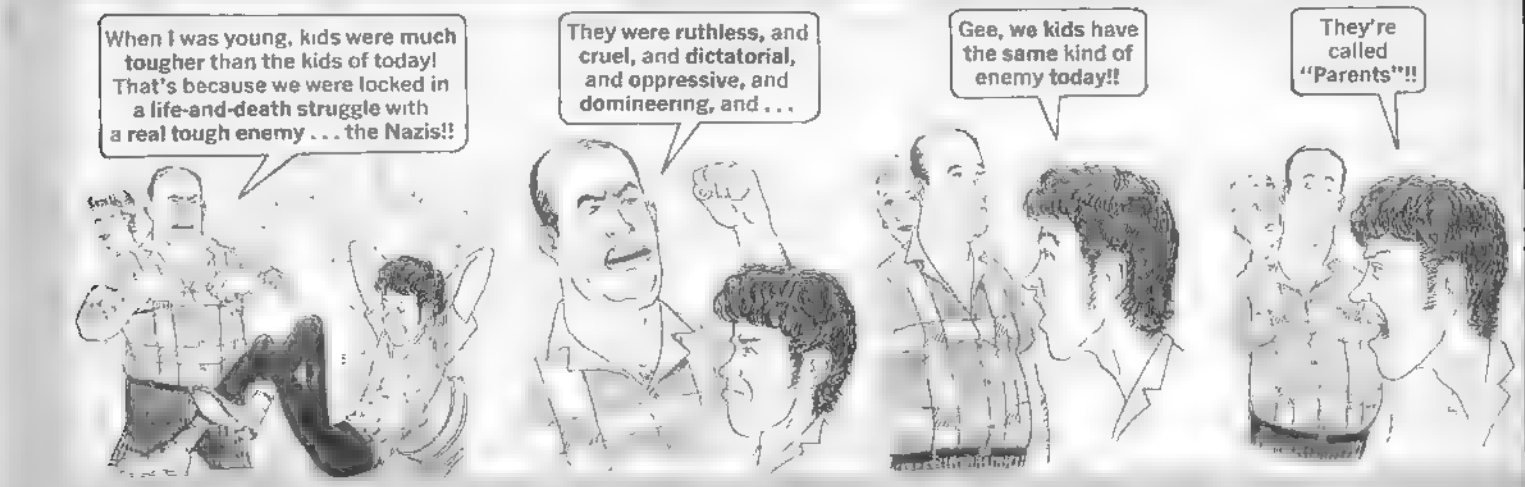
And **Mitch Montana . . .** the **Don Juan of the school?** Is he a fagot?

The **worst kind!!**

But I thought a fagot was . . . I mean . . . What in heck **IS** a fagot **anyway??**


Gee, Dad . . . I never knew you could ice skate!
When I was your age, I won a medal for ice skating!
You must be putting me on! I'm absolutely shocked! That's . . . that's beyond my wildest imagination!
What?! That I won a medal for ice skating?!
No, not that!
I can't believe that you were ever MY AGE!!

This guy wasn't like my father at all! The minute WE try to talk to each other, it gets all emotional . . . with hollering and stuff!
Don't I know it! It's the same in my house, too!
But this guy was different!
Mine, too! Like night and day!
Who were you guys talking to?
HIS FATHER!!
MY FATHER!?!


When I was young, kids were much tougher than the kids of today! That's because we were locked in a life-and-death struggle with a real tough enemy . . . the Nazis!!
They were ruthless, and cruel, and dictatorial, and oppressive, and domineering, and . . .
Gee, we kids have the same kind of enemy today!!
They're called "Parents"!!

Anyone who can do something I CAN'T DO is a fagot!!
You young people with your wild ideas about Sexual Experience and Free Love!! Le'me tell you, it may be FREE, but it's NOT LOVE!! It's just plain FREE LUST!!
What's the world coming to?? Those kids make me so mad I could bust!!
Calm down! You can't change things! What are you so angry about?
Because I'm not part of it!

Dad, if you love me, you'll buy me a car!
It's because I love you that I won't buy you a car!
You call that love . . . denying me something that I want so badly?
You bet I do! I didn't put seventeen years of care and worry into you so you can get racked up in an accident! I'm protecting what I love!
I know you're disappointed, but isn't it nice to know that your father loves you?
Yeah . . .
. . . only maybe I'd be better off if he HATED me a little!
I see my son is getting serious about that Gail What's-Her-Name?! Well, I want you to know that I do not like her!!
That's too bad! But you won't have to live with her, Mom . . . I WILL!!
CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?!!
I don't have to stay here and listen to this! Good-bye!!
Can you imagine it?! That witch . . . that ruthless hussy . . . has weasled her way into my son's heart!
I didn't realize that you disliked Gail so much! How long has this been going on?
FROM THE VERY MOMENT MY SON WAS BORN!!
I'm ashamed to tell people you're my son! Get a HAIRCUT!!
I WILL NOT!! YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO!!
Actually, it bugs me that people are always staring at me with my hair this way . . . and it bugs me that it's always getting in my eyes . . .
and it bugs me that I can't wear a hat in winter . . .
So why don't you get a haircut?
BECAUSE IT BUGS MY PARENTS MORE!!
I sit down to eat with my family, and what do I see: Hippies, Yippies, members of the New Left, Draft Card burners, Flag burners, Pot smokers, Sit-Iners, and advocates of Sexual Freedom!
And we see YOU—a representative of The Establishment! People like you make wars and send young people like us to fight them!
Enough arguments, already! Say the prayer and let's eat!
Dear Lord, I thank Thee—for Thou hast preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies . . .
. . . ALL THOSE UNDER THIRTY!!

A PITCH IN TIME MAY SAVE NINE DEPT.

Since its birth in 1839, Baseball has seen only one major change. Thanks to the architectural engineering achievement of the Houston Astrodome, America's dullest outdoor sport for the past 130 years has now become America's dullest *indoor* sport as well! And so, in order to save this dying sport from total extinction, we now present . . .

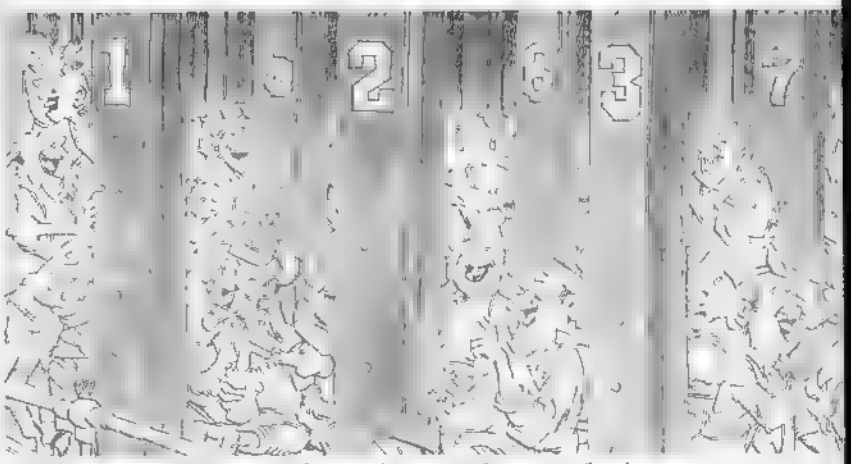
The MAD Plan For Combatting...

The Boredom of Baseball

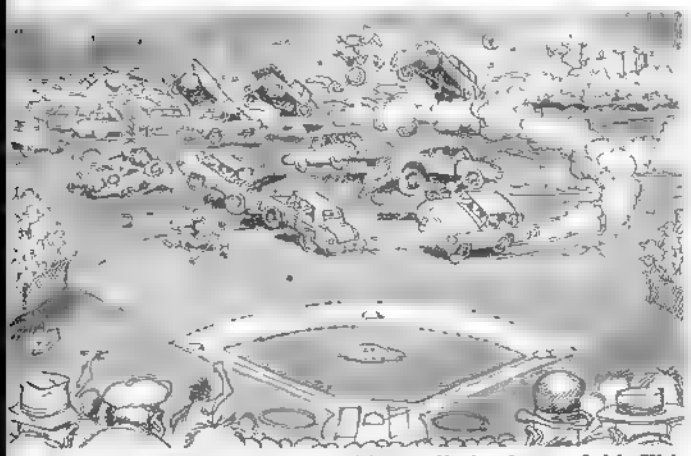
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: EARLE DOUD

HERE ARE A FEW MAD IDEAS FOR MAKING THE GAME MORE EXCITING BY CHANGING EXISTING FACILITIES AND RULES

Place the diamond at the opposite end of the field, out by the bleacher section. In that way, only the unfortunates who cannot afford to pay for better seats will have to watch the game close at hand.



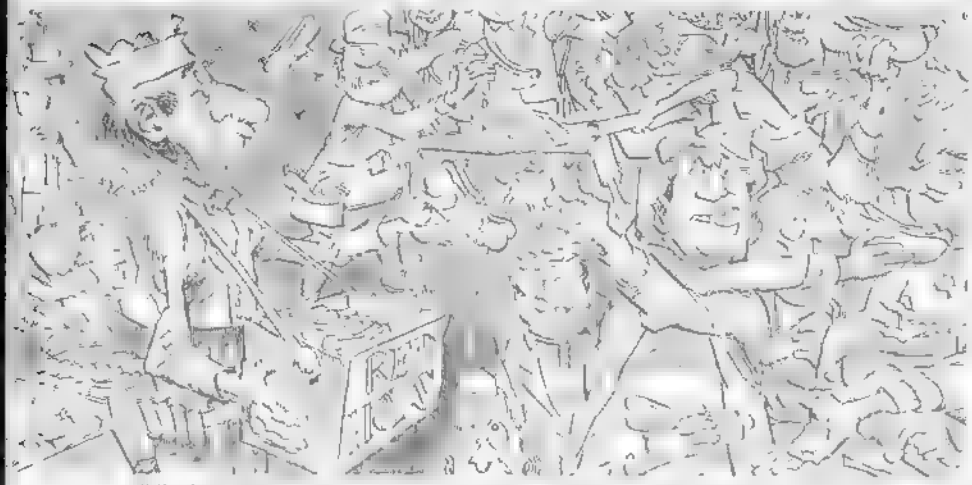
Erect wide steel girders in front of every other seat. In that way, half the audience will be fortunate enough to have their view of the playing field blocked, and they will be far more effectively entertained by the wild grafitti scribbled on them.



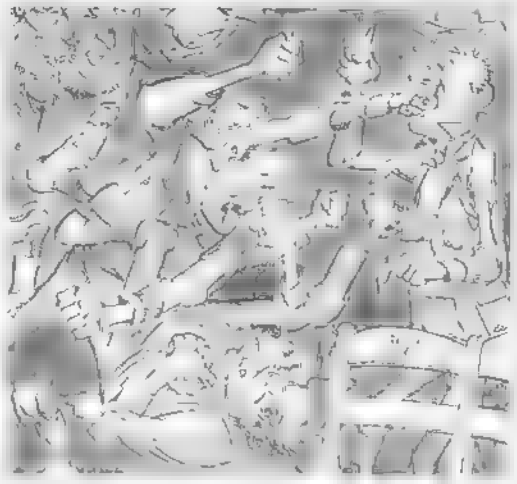
Eliminate all seats and/or walls in the outfield. This will make it possible for everyone to watch the "Auto Thrill Show," staring the latecomer baseball fans, who perform crazily each night in the stadium parking lots.

Reduce the distance between bases to only ten feet, thereby cutting down the running time of the game. Also, if enough line drives are hit, it will, in time, kill off all available infielders, thus putting an end to the game once and for all.

AND HERE ARE SEVERAL MAD IDEAS FOR MAKING THE GAME

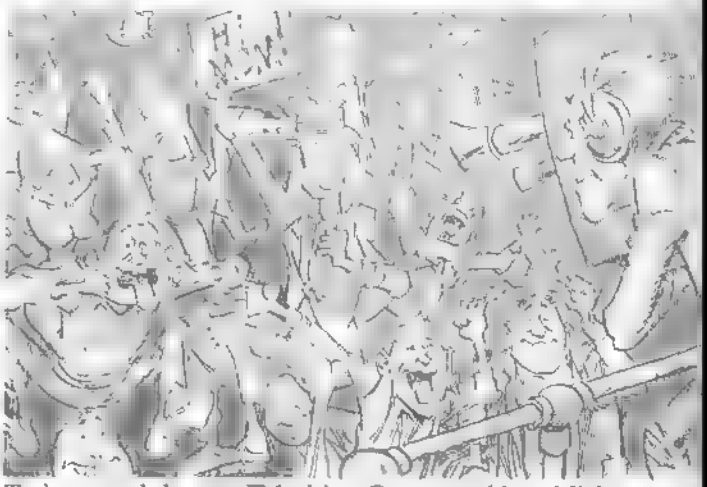


Eliminate all but one Vendor, and assign him to one section. This will mean that at least 75% of the people at the game will be spending most of their time passing hot dogs, beer and soft drinks back and forth around the field. (This idea was tested at a recent Met game, where it was recorded that the sellout crowd passed 285,750 hot dogs an average of half-way around Shea Stadium, and that of these, 175,225 had to be returned for more mustard.)

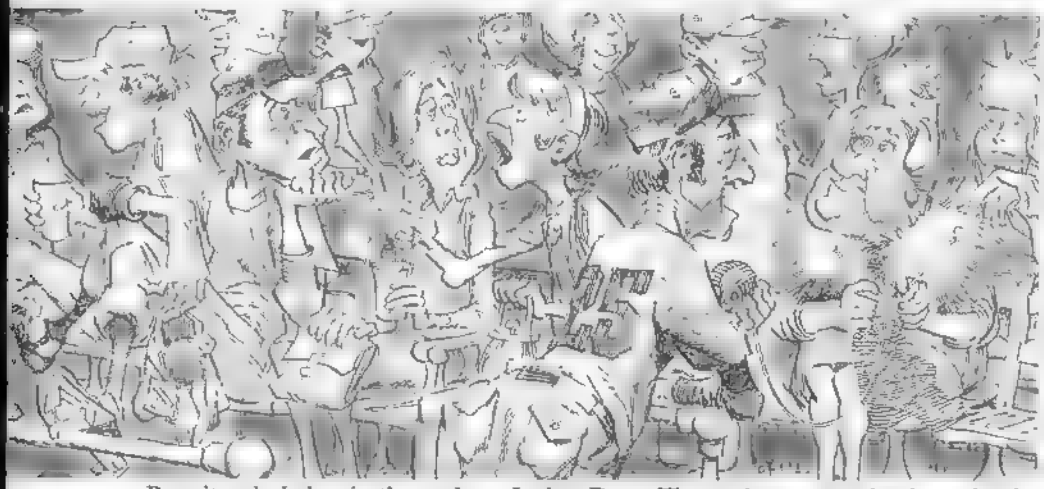


Print duplicate tickets for most seats. This will mean that two, three or four people would have a ticket for the same seat, resulting in marvelous arguments and even bloody fist fights . . . all more exciting to watch than the stupid game.

Hire only fat ex-policemen, 65 or over, as Stadium Guards. Then, several times during every game, release a very fast dog or a wiry teenager onto the playing field. This should provide lots of laughs as the old cops try to run 'em down.



Train several dummy Television Cameras with red lights on the fans in the stands so they can spend the whole game turning and waving at people they hope are idiot enough to be watching and looking for them back home.



Permit only ladies in the park on Ladies Days. Then, whenever a play is made, the game will be stopped and the players will explain what happened. After 3 innings, the game will stop completely and the players will go up into the stands and just sit around for 2 hours, gossiping and drinking and doing all the things ladies dig.

Supply players with uniforms that are much too small so that when they bend to pick up a ball or a bat, there will be much hilarity.

MORE EXCITING BY USING EXISTING FACILITIES AND RULES

Pass out Bingo cards at the entry gates, and play Bingo during the actual game, using the players' numbers as they come to bat. When a spectator gets five in a line, he yells out "Bingo!"—and play is held up while he comes onto the field and collects a valuable prize.

At some point during every game when there is no threat of rain, fire hoses will be turned on the playing field signifying the start of the Tarpolin-Rolling Race. Four teams of pot-bellied maintenance men will attempt to roll four extremely heavy tarpolins onto the field, unfold them, spread them out, walk around on them, then fold them up again and roll them back off the field—all this while the game is going on.

Replace those Jeeps—now used to bring Relief Pitchers in from Bull Pens in most parks—with Kids' Tricycles, thus damaging the Pitcher's moral even before he gets to the mound. This will make for a better hitting game.

Use only one baseball per game. This will mean that when a foul ball or a home run is hit, the players will literally have to race into the stands to retrieve it, thus affording fans an opportunity to meet their favorite stars personally.

Hire only Alcoholic Illiterates as Scoreboard Keepers. This will insure that wild errors will take place, especially with the ball-and-strike count, and those important out-of-town scores.

Hire only inept Ground Keepers so that balls will roll, jump and hop erratically. This will make the players look bad, allowing the fans to make wisecracks and throw things like empty bottles which will be lying at their feet, since the parks will never be swept out either.

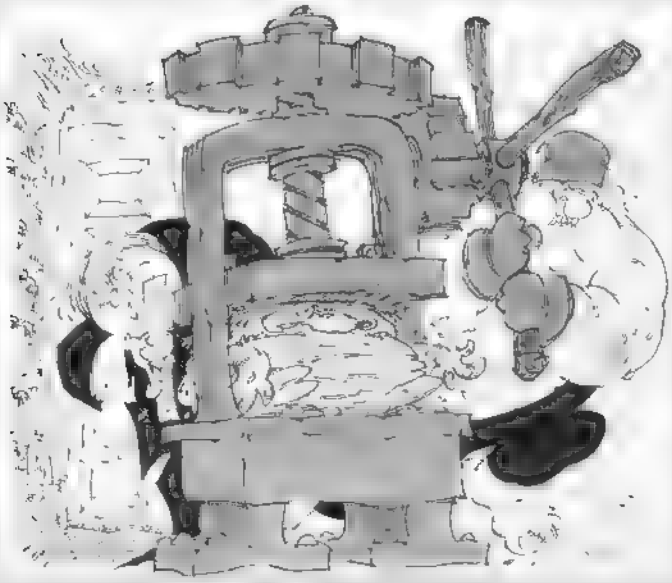
Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're—

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. • WRITERS: MAY SAKAMI & E. NELSON BRIDWELL

Leaning heavily on an EXPERIENCE

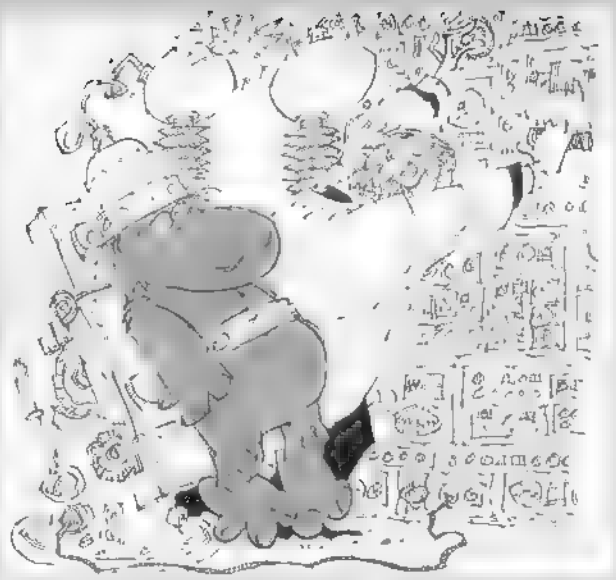
Shouldering a RESPONSIBILITY



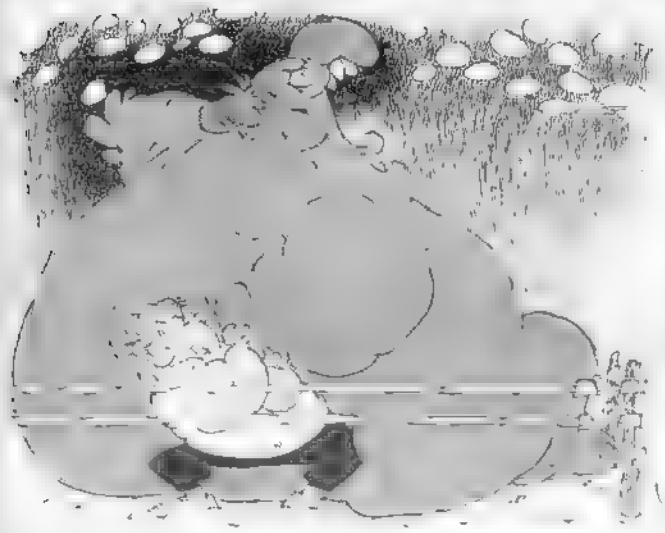
Making a LONG STORY short

Striking a CARELESS POSE

Cementing a RELATIONSHIP



Creating a DISTURBANCE



Wrestling with a WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Carried away by an ENTHUSIASM

Raising a RUCKUS

Splitting an INFINITIVE

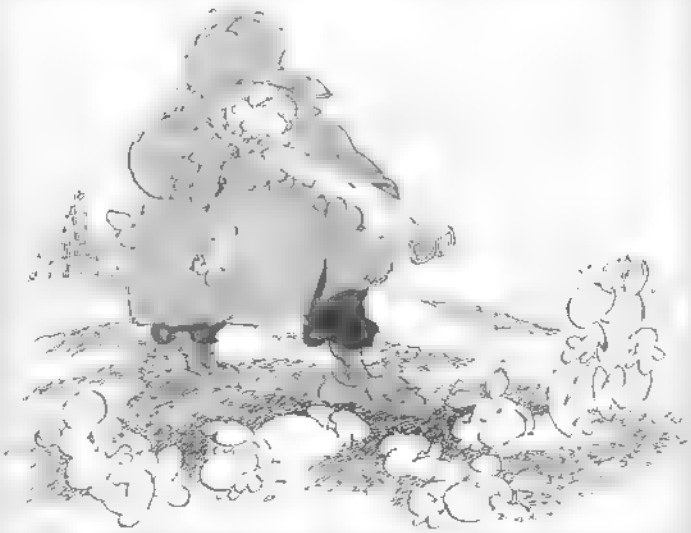
Ironing out a DIFFICULTY

Getting out of a TIGHT SQUEEZE

Launching a CAREER

Mounting an OFFENSIVE

Releasing one's INHIBITIONS



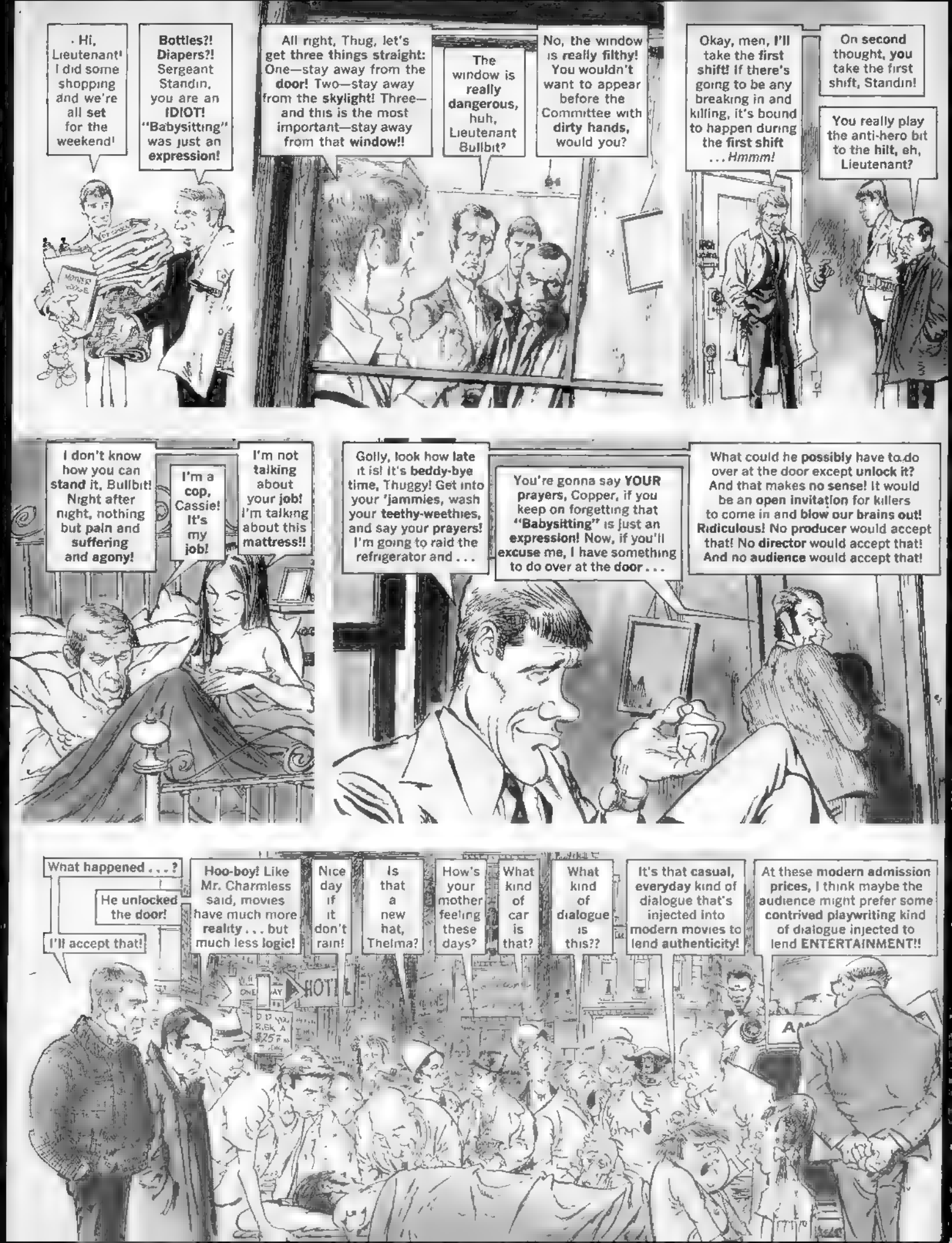
Killing off a few IDLE HOURS

GOD SAVE McQUEEN DEPT.

No matter what kind of role he plays, Steve McQueen is always Steve McQueen! He was Steve McQueen when he did his *sailor bit* in "The Sand Pebbles"! He was Steve McQueen when he did his *illegitimate father bit* in "Love With A Proper Stranger"! He was Steve McQueen when he did his *sophisticated crook bit* in "The Thomas Crown Affair"! And if you've seen his latest... in which he plays a detective, then you'll have to agree that he's still Steve McQueen, even when he does his...

"BULLBIT"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: AL JAFFEE


Hi, Lieutenant! I did some shopping and we're all set for the weekend!
Bottles?! Diapers?! Sergeant Standin, you are an IDIOT! "Babysitting" was just an expression!
All right, Thug, let's get three things straight: One—stay away from the door! Two—stay away from the skylight! Three—and this is the most important—stay away from that window!!
The window is really dangerous, huh, Lieutenant Bullbit?
No, the window is really filthy! You wouldn't want to appear before the Committee with dirty hands, would you?
Okay, men, I'll take the first shift! If there's going to be any breaking in and killing, it's bound to happen during the first shift . . . Hmmm!
On second thought, you take the first shift, Standin!
You really play the anti-hero bit to the hilt, eh, Lieutenant?
I don't know how you can stand it, Bullbit! Night after night, nothing but pain and suffering and agony!
I'm a cop, Cassie! It's my job!
I'm not talking about your job! I'm talking about this mattress!!
Golly, look how late it is! It's beddy-bye time, Thuggy! Get into your 'jammies, wash your teethy-weethies, and say your prayers! I'm going to raid the refrigerator and . . .
You're gonna say YOUR prayers, Copper, if you keep on forgetting that "Babysitting" is just an expression! Now, if you'll excuse me, I have something to do over at the door . . .
What could he possibly have to do over at the door except unlock it? And that makes no sense! It would be an open invitation for killers to come in and blow our brains out! Ridiculous! No producer would accept that! No director would accept that! And no audience would accept that!
What happened . . . ?
He unlocked the door!
I'll accept that!
Hoo-boy! Like Mr. Charmless said, movies have much more reality . . . but much less logic!
Nice day if it don't rain!
Is that a new hat, Thelma?
How's your mother feeling these days?
What kind of car is that?
What kind of dialogue is this??
It's that casual, everyday kind of dialogue that's injected into modern movies to lend authenticity!
At these modern admission prices, I think maybe the audience might prefer some contrived playwriting kind of dialogue injected to lend ENTERTAINMENT!!

What do those awful gurgling noises Standin is making mean, Doc?

He's trying to talk! But with half his eyes, ears, nose, throat and teeth shot away, talking is the most painful thing he can attempt! I can't imagine why he'd even try!

Because he's a cop, Doc, and he has information that he must, regardless of personal pain and suffering, somehow communicate to me! Can you make out what he's saying?

Something about how he sure wishes YOU'D taken the first shift!

Let's go! These guys are dying! Hey, Doc – what's holding things up??

They can't find Johnny Thug's Blue Cross Card! While they're looking, I'll ask Standin, here, some questions! Answer one gurgle for "yes" . . . and two for "no"!

Have you ever had mumps, chicken pox, measles, diptheria, or nasal congestion? Has any member of your family ever had TB, mental illness, cancer, or bad breath? Were you ever treated for the following . . .

Dullgetter there's only one way we can save Johnny Thug's life now! We've got to guard him 'round the clock and see that NO ONE gets into his room!

No one from the Mafia?

No . from the Hospital Staff! Have you seen the mortality figures for this place?! He's in danger!!

Hey . . that guy!! You shouldn't have let him through! Now, we're in for really big trouble!

Why?? Because he's got that sawed-off shotgun?

No, because he hasn't got a Visitors' Pass!

Thank heaven you've come at last, Doctor!

I'm no Doctor, Thug! I'm a high-paid professional killer!

There's a difference??

YECCH! I never should have chased him through there! The smell of DEATH was everywhere!

A Hospital Morgue is NEVER a pretty sight!

What Hospital Morgue . . . ?! That was the Hospital KITCHEN!!

Listen, Killer! Before we go any further, there's one question I'd like to ask you! What logical reason can you give me for not finishing off Johnny Thug when you had him trapped like a sitting duck back in that hotel room? That's something an experienced cop like me cannot swallow!

You may be an experienced cop, but from movie-making you know nothing! If I'd finished him off back there, what excuse would we have for this exciting "Hospital Chase" sequence, Dum-Dum?!?

There must be something really wrong with you, Bullbit!

Why? Because I'm a devoted cop? Because bloodshed doesn't affect me? Because sadism doesn't affect me? Because inhumanity doesn't affect me? Is that what makes you say something is wrong with me??

No . . . because I'm standing here nude and it doesn't affect you! Devoted cop or not . . . something MUST be wrong with you!!

Oh-oh! There's the hired killer and his driver in that car! Now, there are two ways I can handle this situation! One—I can cautiously trail them until I get a chance to call headquarters so they can set up roadblocks and capture them alive—thus avoiding needless bloodshed! Or, two—I can provoke them into a wild senseless chase through the streets that will endanger the lives of thousands!

My choice, of course, is simple! AVOID LOGIC!!

What the . . . HEY! Look what's following us!!

Good grief!! It was tough enough accepting "The Flying Nun". . . but this is RIDICULOUS!!

VROOMM

It's Bullbit!! Pull up alongside him and I'll blow his brains out!

Wait! He seems to be saying something! Can you read lips?

He's saying, "Your . . . door is . . . open!"

Tell him, "Thanks a lot!"

Never mind! He JUST SHUT IT!!

CRASH!

Listen, Bullbit! Before we go any further, there's one question I'd like to ask you! What logical reason can you give me for not finishing me off when you had so many chances to shoot me during that chase through the hospital? That's something an experienced killer like me cannot swallow!

You may be an experienced killer, but from movie-making you know nothing! If I'd finished you off in the hospital, what excuse would we have for this exciting "Car Chase" sequence, Dum-dum?

Get your shotgun ready! I'll pull up alongside and signal when you've got a perfect shot!
Now??
No, not yet!
Now . . . ?
No, not yet!!
Now . . . ?
Yes . . . NOW!!
BLAM
I get the feeling that there should've been one more "No, not yet!"
MUNITIONS FACTORY
At this very moment, Organized Crime's "Mr. Big" is preparing to leave the country! Do you realize what a tremendous challenge lies ahead of you?
You mean the tremendous challenge of nailing the nation's "No. 1 Criminal" and making America a better place in which to live?
No, the challenge of explaining why we're here at the airport, when "Mr Big" is supposed to be leaving the country by boat!
Sorry, Sir! You're seventy pounds over!
Dat's okay! I'll just leave out some of dese here pineapples!
Gate 71
PAN AMERICAN
That guy sure looks suspicious, Bullbit!
Yeah! Everybody knows you can't take fruit out of the country!
Hey, buddy! I'd like some answers to a few questions!
Oh, yeah!? Take dat— and dat—
Those are the wrong answers! See what comes of not waiting to hear the questions!
BLAM BLAM
See, Dullgetter! Coming to the airport wasn't so stupid after all! Look what a swell opportunity this is!
To catch a criminal?
No . . . to squeeze one more idiotic "Chase Scene" into this picture!
GATE 7
TRANS EAST AIR
TAKE ME TO HAVANA!

This is terrible! This is awful! How can such shocking things happen at an airport?!

You think an HOUR is bad?? Last week, my flight was over THREE HOURS late taking off!

But at least they provide "Inflight Movies" for entertainment!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

How can that be an "Inflight Movie" when we're not even in flight?!

You're right! Those are LIVE ACTORS!

BLAM! BLAM!

Correction! Make that "DEAD ACTORS!"

Coffee . . . Tea . . . or Plasma??

Violence! Violence! VIOLENCE! That's all you know, Bullbit Nothing but crushing, maiming, tearing, biting, hitting . . .

No, I mean when you make love in these sexy scenes that have nothing to do with the picture! On your job, you're even worse!

Doesn't it bother you? Doesn't it haunt you? When will it end? Huh? When? When?? WHEN??

You mean you're putting an end to your career??

You mean when I m on my job?

It will—RIGHT NOW!!

No . . I'm putting an end to YOU!

I've had about all the nagging I can stand!!

EEEEEEEKKKK!!

I'm sorry to be the one to have to do this, Bullbit, but you're under arrest! Let's go . .

It figures! Even a cop can't expect to get away with the things I've pulled! I can probably even guess the charges!

Is it for reckless driving through the city?

Nope .

Is it for provoking gun duels in public places?

Nope . .

Is it for stealing a newspaper from a vending machine?

Nope! You're under arrest for letting your girl friend get away!

WHAT?! Since when is it a crime to let a girl friend get away?

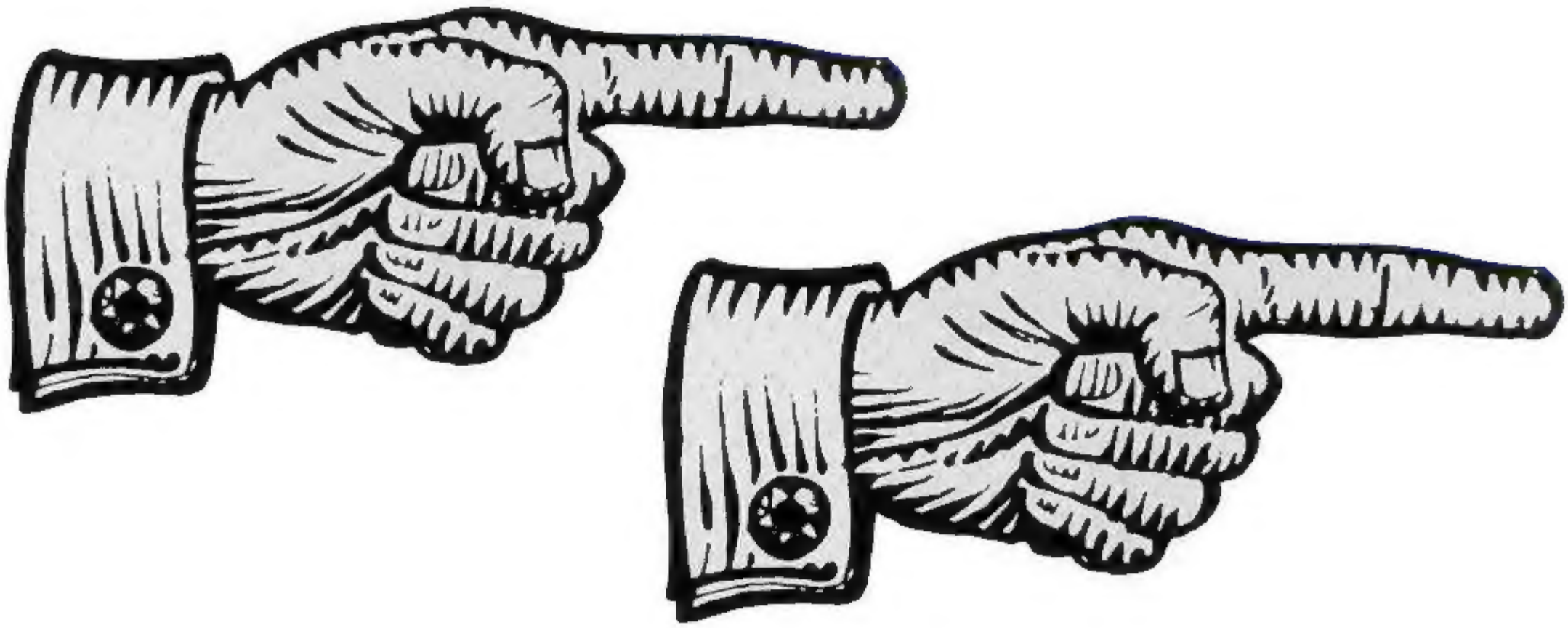
Since the Director SAID SO!! You had a golden opportunity to pull off the best "Chase Scene" in the whole picture . . . chasing a naked doll down the street in broad daylight . . . and you muffed it!!

I'll go quietly!

HAPPINESS IS A

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT INDUSTRY CONTRIBUTES MORE TO AIR POLLUTION THAN ANY OTHER?

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

More and more concern is being expressed over the problem of Air Pollution. And yet, year after year, one industry consistently pollutes the air while the vast majority of Americans quietly accept it. To find out who this villain is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

WHAT INDUSTRY CONTRIBUTES MORE TO AIR POLLUTION THAN ANY OTHER?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ⋈ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

The 60-second disappointment

It happens too often with a Parloraid Color Pack Camera! That's why we can't take a chance. We photograph these ads with a Nikon loaded with Ektachrome!